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Scene-Painting in America.

The flow of scenic talent to the English stage which marked the period of a quarter of a century ago, to which allusion was made in a recent article on this subject, and which included the celebrated names of Stanfield, David Roberts, Telbin, Grieves, Fenton and Beverley, was the precursor of what may be called its birth in this country. It was about nineteen years ago that the first considerable impetus was given to the scenic art in America, in the production of *The Black Crook* at Niblo's Garden, under the management of Jarrett and Palmer, which was upon a scale of magnificence which up to that time had not been attempted, and which has not been since surpassed. The popular approval of the spectacle was so great that it had the then quite unprecedented run of over a year, and when withdrawn was playing to \$3,000 houses.

A description of some of these celebrated scenes may interest some of our readers. The greatest display of *The Black Crook* was the ball room scene, which was regularly built up with three vistas of columns, thirty-two in number, each being a group of three detached shafts, arranged so as to be seen through. The columns and capitals were in dead silver, the latter being profusely perforated, and lighted from behind, while at the foot of each column were three life size figures holding up branches of lights. The borders of the scene were in dull gold, and perforated in patterns, so that when the whole was lit up with many hundreds of small gas lights, the effect was that of glass columns supporting a roof of golden lace. This splendid scene was the offspring of the inventive faculty of Richard Marston, whose reputation as an artist of the highest order was then established beyond the reach of adverse criticism.

After this, under A. M. Palmer's management, the Union Square Theatre took the lead in the production of great and artistic scenic displays; and doubtless the way in which for the past twelve years this theatre has been teaching the fine art of distemper painting to the New York public, has been no small factor in the existence of the present advanced views on the subject. To this theatre belongs the credit of the *Geneva Cross*, *Two Orphans*, *Rose Michel*, *The Lost Children of Paris*, *A Celebrated Case*, *A Parisian Romance*, *Lights o' London* and *The Banker's Daughter*—all so splendidly mounted as to meet with immediate and marked public approval; so marked, indeed, that in the case of *The Banker's Daughter* the artist of the house, Mr. Marston, was called before the curtain every night for six consecutive weeks. The scene so much liked was a snow scene showing on the right of the picture a chateau in the suburbs of Paris as shattered by the German siege, while in the distance appeared a striking view of Paris and the Towers of Notre Dame, with a snow and starlight effect. Another fine scene was in *The Lights o' London*—a view of the Regent's Canal and Park in London, with an effect of moving water sparkling in moonlight, similar to the recent scene of the *Thames Embankment* in *Hoodman Blind*.

Shortly after *The Black Crook*, at Niblo's Garden, the same theatre brought out *The White Fawn*, and employed Mr. Marston to invent what was at that time the second example in America of what is known as a transformation scene, and was a remarkable effort of poetic thought. Over 120 living female figures were employed in the composition of the scene, which opened with vistas of foliage-arches in a woodland dell, having in the foreground a circle of passion-flowers with large ferns at the sides. From a number of beautiful plants at the rear of the stage a group of fairies with gauze wings rose and formed arches under the foliage, while from above descended a circle of children as Dragon-flies, with the Prince of the Dragon-Flies in the centre. In the front a mushroom opened into a passion flower, from which Cupid arose, while the ferns lowered and disclosed a number of winged soldiers. The gauze wings of these figures were really the iron cradles thereof, and were so disposed as to form perspective arches and groups of the most beautiful character.

The impetus given in this way to public taste has borne remarkable fruit. The American soil seems to stimulate the most rapid progress in whatever once takes root and there is nothing which has more palpably progressed than the public taste in matters of art and decoration. It has been carried into the home, where it is naturally still further fostered. The homes of America are a striking contrast to those of the parallel classes of society on the

Continent of Europe. There is an amount of individual taste displayed which, by being independent of the upholsterer and the decorator, shows how much a feeling for the beautiful pervades the popular mind, and which is not equalled in Europe with all its centuries of development. It is doubtless true that Europe is America's art tutor, but the pupil shows an aptitude likely to surpass the master. This mental progress has been due to the education afforded by the stage; it is coeval with it, grows with it, and there is a high national interest in tracing some of the particular pathways by which artistic efforts of genius have so enlarged the people's art understanding, and to give some idea of the scenic displays which have stimulated the growth of the talent now so distinguishing a feature of the American nation.

The method of scene painting pursued in this country differs from that of the French

of an elevator, by a pulley arrangement with counter weights.

It is a common plan to copy the small model on the larger canvas by marking each off in an equal number of squares and drawing the picture square by square. This is a very accurate way, and perhaps for some classes of scenes the most satisfactory; but some of the most distinguished artists of America pursue the more artistic course of drawing the picture free-hand, except for elaborate architectural subjects. In the matter of coloring there are scarcely two artists who adopt the same system, or who use the same chromatic scale. One of the most successful native artists of New York is endeavoring to introduce a system in the arrangement of his palette which is quite revolutionary, and to the mind of the scientific colorist seems like a progression backward. Instead of mixing for himself the infinite variety of tints into which a few primitive colors

is a great value in reputation, but it must be reputation of the present, not of the past. The telegraph and swift mail steamers now-a-days keep the furthest ends of the earth in complete sympathy with the centres of art, and theatre-goers of Melbourne, Sydney, Calcutta and San Francisco are well acquainted with the standing of all artists of renown here or elsewhere. Therefore when an artist whose fame is of the long ago, whose meridian has been passed and who is falling into the "sere and yellow leaf" of dramatic decadence, meets the audience of a new country, he has the same record to face that has already weakened his power of attraction at home. For a few nights mere curiosity to see the celebrated stranger, of whom so much has been said and written, may draw the public; but mere curiosity is soon satiated and a contemptuous tolerance takes the place of admiration. The houses grow thinner and thinner, the receipts "dwindle to their shortest

had any voice for at least fifteen years past. But let either venture to try to revive the tradition of their prime in America or Australia and they would quickly be taught that their glory had departed. We have witnessed who can play here still by the power of their names, and draw fair houses, too—men and women who stand on the topmost pinnacle of fame, then whom none are higher on the roll of great artists—who have tried their evening's power in England and have come back again. It is useless to aver that national prejudice is against them. Younger artists have gone across the big ferry and made England ring with applause. Not prejudiced but more so, they have marred them.

The artist who would reap fame and fortune in a strange land must go down to the prime—must take the full on the hip, or he will miss his mark. Art life is short at best. Its childhood takes some of the years before the artist is ripe for action; then a few months during which the sun may shine and the day may be made; but afterwards comes the dreary winter when no man may reap. The best season of gradual decline is more apparent in the actor than in any other artist, because the outward man shows the signs of decay sooner than the inner. The eyes grow dim, the voice weak and the step feeble, while yet the intellect retains its vigor, and sometimes lags the years even on the stage, or he throws up the sponge and quits his disbarment, while the victory in other fields may later on lay waste to him, because his personality is not such an important part of his stock in trade. Therefore, for all these reasons, do we most earnestly counsel all actors, singers, dancers and the like who harbor after "fresh fields and pastures new," to go while they yet are in their prime, or to go not at all. If one is worth anything to the perception of his friends and the millions, what can one expect from strangers? Stay at home, ye veterans hereabouts. The joys of battle and the flush of conquest are not for you.

Verbal Villainy.

We wonder whether the great Dr. Johnson, when he visited Oxford and walked under the venerable chestnut trees whose fruit descended upon his bare head and perhaps descended closely at his eye, the ancient one would have him to alter the famous dictum: "A man would make a pun would pick a pocket?" saying his force and is well worth consulting to this day, especially by those fortunate who catchers, the play-actors.

They perhaps have never considered the injury inflicted upon them in their profession by the habit of catching at the double entendre in ordinary conversation. It reduces the intellect as well as the speech and substitutes a shallow play upon words for serious humor and directs attention from the substance of thought to a mere make-believe of wit and the sound jest.

If any class of people professing to be artists should avoid the pun, it is the actor, for it endangers his quality of utterance, commonly sends him after a will-o'-the-wisp, and diverts the attention from ideas and incidents of real importance. Let the actor drop punning and attend to speech which has ideas in it.

Give Us a Change.

There is a grievance prevailing in nomenclature which requires correction.

We refer to the adoption of the same titles for theatres as have been before used and become familiar in other associations. Manifesting the delegation of newspapers, hotels and other public properties is a misleading practice. In the case of theatres it is especially offensive, as it creates confusion and discord in the mind in regard to the province of art where the imagination seeks its own.

A recent instance calls this unhappy tendency to mind in the citations made by critics of a recent play as being a revival of a drama performed several years ago at the old Park Theatre. This means not the "old" Park Theatre which fronted the City Hall Park and which was held at such estimation that the manager was warranted in posting at the head of his bills simply the word "Theatre," as if no other could be thought of in that connection.

The old Park Theatre of the recent crisis has reference to the relatively old establishment on Broadway and Twenty-second street, and as having for its junior the so-called Park Theatre, at the junction of Sixth avenue and Broadway, now somewhat relieved from competition with any other Broadway theatre by being individualized as Harigan's Park Theatre.



MARIE WAINWRIGHT.

and Italian artists, who lay their canvases on the floor to paint—a method most fatiguing to the assistant artists, besides being unsatisfactory in consequence of the artist being unable to see the effect of his work. The American method, as now practiced, is for the artist to prepare his model carefully to scale as he intends it to appear upon the stage. From this model the stage-carpenter makes the various pieces of the scene, which are then placed upon a frame, usually some forty feet square, which is movable, and can be raised or lowered, by means of a windlass, through a slit in the flooring, so that the artist stands fairly in front of his work, and can not only execute it without undue fatigue, but can judge of the effect of what he is doing. In some studios, instead of the frame being movable, it is permanently attached to the wall, and the artist stands upon a bridge, or movable platform, which is raised or lowered, upon the principles

may be compounded, he has a number of stock-mixed tints to which he confines himself. Simplicity is no doubt a very good thing but it may be carried too far, and for an artist to voluntarily deprive himself of the use of a million tints is a least open to criticism.

One thing at least is certain: The influence of stage painting upon public taste is beginning to attract public attention as one of the remarkable signs of the advancement of our people.

'Twere Well 'twere Done Quickly.

There is no more mistaken idea in theatrical speculation than the taking out of a worn-out star, no matter though of the first magnitude, to a new country such as California, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, or even India, which latter, although the oldest of lands and the cradle of civilization, is a mere babe in dramatic matters as we understand them. There

span," and the worn-out and disappointed artist is harshly reminded, by the neglect of the public and coldness of the press, that his days are nearly over, his course nearly run.

When Grisi, greatest of prime donne, came to this country, then new in matters operatic, she came in her old age, and people said, "Is this the wonderful artist we have heard so much of?" and would have none of her, although even in her decline she overtopped all others. When Forrest went to San Francisco, the inhabitants refused to accept, in the gaudy old man, the hero of tragedy who had ruled the stage as an autocrat for so many years unopposed. When Charles Kean appeared in Australia, people tolerated him for his name's sake, but no more. In his own country an artist may live for years on his reputation. After his real powers have weakened, Sims Reeves and Santley can draw crowds in England even yet, although neither of these great artists has

Theatres.



Mme. Judic, returned from the South, made her s'entree on Tuesday night at the Starin La Femme à Papa. The house was of moderate proportions. The vaudeville is comic up to the second act. Then it becomes tedious, and as the performance was not over until a late hour a good many people grew weary and left before the final curtain descended. Judic was delightfully naive in the opening act, and in the upper scene her simulation of inebriation was deliciously delicate, albeit occasionally suggestive. Her chansonettes were in every instance rewarded. Mesieres was of course funny in his quaint manner as the licentious owner of the modern farm. His business during the banquet preparatory to answering the rumormongers of Coralle from an adjoining apartment was fairly side-splitting. He is, as he always has been, an irresistible comedian of the broad type. Last evening La Grand Duchesse was the bill. Every night during the week there will be a change. The engagement of Judic will be followed by a revival of The Guv'nor with several of Mr. Wallack's best artists in the cast.

The intense cold affected the attendance at the Grand Opera House Monday night, as it did every other place of amusement in the city; still there was a good-sized audience present to enjoy to the utmost the fun of A Rag Baby. They were heartily amused by the piece and the players, most of the latter being old favorites. Frank Daniels as Old Sport is just as droll as ever, while Fanny Rice as Venus looked very pretty, wore some picturesque costumes and acted to the eminent satisfaction of the spectators. The rest of the cast was capable. Mark Sullivan as the policeman and the tramp was particularly clever, and Helen Reimer played her three parts nicely. The Mikado music, the songs and choruses were all well sung, and in frequent cases encored. The piece was carefully put on. Next week, Alone in London, with Mrs. Colonel Sina in the principal character.

We, Us & Co. had a large audience Monday evening at the Standard. The piece and all its laughable nonsense was the occasion of the usual amount of amusement. Mr. Mestayer and Miss Vaughn were well received in their old parts. Ezra Kendall is missed as the old hawkeyed veterinary surgeon, C. B. Hawkins giving a rather poor imitation of him. Gus Bruno as the duke was grotesquely humorous, but his make-up was something disgusting. It may be amusingly funny to some people to study the characteristics of scrofulous countenances, but we had rather they should be confined to the hospitals where diseases of the skin are treated and the patients quarantined. Joseph Ott as the irrepressible boy, Magillmuddy, and Jeff D'Angelis in German characters, helped make the entertainment amusing. Hattie Richardson sang some ballads nicely and Ada Deaves danced nimbly. Indeed, a brighter, prettier set of women than Mr. Mestayer has secured no troupe of this description boasts.

The People's Theatre is occupied this week by the Romany Rye company, which is drawing good houses. Mr. Sims' well-known drama is very creditably played, J. O. Barrows filling the part of Jack Hearne strongly and Victory Bateman making a good Gertrude Heckett. The long cast is composed of a number of competent people, and the piece is nicely mounted. Next week Nat Goodwin comes to this house with the immensely popular Skating Rink.

Clara Morris was not well Monday evening, but she acted Miss Multon in the play of that name with her accustomed power. Eben Plympton made a capital De Latour and James L. Carhart repeated his success as Belin. The rest of the company were acceptable. On Tuesday Article 47 was given, Miss Morris presenting the role of Cora with her usual strength. Affie Weaver played Mercy Merrick in The New Magdalen yesterday afternoon and Miss Morris the same part in the evening. Althea and Camille will be seen during the rest of the week. On Monday next The Ivy Leaf will be seen at this theatre.

James O'Neill and Monte Cristo moved from the Grand Opera House Monday to the Windsor Theatre, and there met with a continuation of the favor and large attendance which characterized the previous week. The play was received with great applause at all the selling and excitement, and the company rendered good

support. Frederic Bryton will present himself in *Forgiven* at this house next week.

A very entertaining bill is to be enjoyed this week at Tony Pastor's, including burlesque, gymnastics, vocal and instrumental selections and all the elements that go to make up a first-class specialty performance.

Since the drygoods men, as a committee of experts, visited the Fourteenth Street Theatre to appraise the weight of the chorus-girls' dresses in *Evangeline* there has been an increased interest in the bright extravaganza, which now seems likely to run until lights and gauze will be seasonable apparel.

Valerie is not a pronounced success at Wallack's. Indeed it is quite the reverse, and there will be a change of bill the e "hortly. Fernande has now been presented to our public with the original imprints and without them, and Sardou's piece is not wanted either way. Adapters will probably strike it off the list hereafter.

Engaged is drawing large houses to the Madison Square. The delicious burlesque comedy is admirably acted and there will be no change necessary for a number of weeks.

Crowds go to see The Leather Patch, which is by far the best thing Mr. Harrigan has given us in a number of years. The company are seen at their best and the big audiences are kept in a state of incessant mirth at the Park.

Jack-in-the-Box will close its engagement at the Union Square on Saturday night. The Banker's Daughter will be put on next week to fill the time until the new opera, *Pepita*, is ready.

One of Our Girls is still meeting with prosperity at the Lyceum. The company is one of the best stock organizations New York has had and the comedy is exquisitely mounted.

Attractions come and go, but Adonis moves steadily on at the Bijou amid an atmosphere of sustained success. The 600th performance is not far off.

Tony Hart and his Toy Pistol are drawing good houses to the Comedy, and the mirth created by the performance is impervious to the chill of the blizzard.

The Musical Mirror.

Another triumph for our National Opera must be recorded in the production, for the first time in America, of the beautiful romantic opera, *Lakmé*, by Leo Delibes, a composer hitherto known by his ballet music, but who has proved himself equal to higher flights by this his latest work. The music of *Lakmé* is very charming, full of characteristic melody, admirably suiting its strains to the color and action of the drama, giving to the Hindus their national and appropriate "ghazue," and to the English their homopie and ballad measures. While by no means strikingly original, it is always well made and pleasing to both ear and brain, and certainly affords the singers a chance to show the talent which has been denied them in former operas of the cranky German school, such as that dreary *Taming of the Shrew*, or that portfolio of platitudes, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Pauline L'Allemand in particular found her opportunity in *Lakmé*, and improved it to the utmost. No one who had only heard her as Katherine or Mistress Ford would have credited her with the beauty of voice, the exquisite accuracy of singing, or the fluent volubility of execution that she developed in that strange, fantastic, weird, yet beautiful romance, "Where Strays the Hindoo Maiden," in the singing of which she showed a crispness of staccato and a certainty of intonation, as well as a pure tone and sweet cantabile, that placed her very high up on the role of prima donna lirici. In that exquisitely tuneful andante, "Why Love I there to stray?" Pauline L'Allemand gave as perfect a specimen of pure singing as we have ever heard, and her acting throughout the opera was truly natural and sympathetic. In *Lakmé* this very clever young artist has found her opportunity, as Helen Hastreiter did in *Orpheus*, and has used it as worthily, inasmuch that these two singers have made their undoubted places as the stars of the American Opera Company. Jessie Bartlett-Davis showed herself very capable as Mallika. She has a good voice, hardly as yet schooled to perfect smoothness, but very pleasant to hear; and Charlotte Walker sang with a voice that is one of the most *satisfying* in tone we have ever listened to. We are inclined to think that this girl will turn out to be the next triumph of the American Opera school, if, indeed, she belongs to that organization; at all events she has the voice for a prima donna assoluta, and we expect yet to greet her as one. Alonzo Stoddard sang remarkably well as the Brahmin, Nilakantha, and proved himself fully equal to the exactions of the part. He, too, found his chance in *Lakmé*. William Candidus has a good, clear tenor, but is lacking in expression. He should study the Italian method. At present he shows best as Lohengrin; still, he was quite good enough for the part of Gerald. William Lee speaks his words very plainly, and sings well but for a faulty method of *trémolando* very usual among third-rate Italian

singers, but to be strenuously avoided by all who wish to be called true vocalists. The stage-setting given to *Lakmé* was absolutely perfect. The three scenes in which the action takes place—the Sacred Garden, the Market-place and the Jungle—are marvels of illustrative painting; the second, especially, with its ancient tower and the varied costumes and accessories made one feel as if one were in a Hindoo town in very truth. The chorus was, as usual, bright-voiced, sweet-faced lithe figured and perfectly trained—a very "garden of girls"—how different from the usual opera hags! The men also—how resonant and full are their voices and how personable the fellows are. Truly, to hear that chorus alone is worth the price of admission. The band—well, it is Thomas' band—it is the American Opera band—it is the popular concert band—it is the band of bands, whether for tone power, execution or finish—it is simply unrivalled. The translation is, as usual, lame, un-English and stilted. Why will the management permit an otherwise perfect performance to be marred by such imbecility? Who ever heard of an hour that "flitted"? We have read of an hour fleeting and a bat flitting; or, for example:

Mrs. BENTON—E loough! I'm governess—take warning of the governor's child, Beware!
FREDERIC—Mrs. Benton's mad! I declare!
Mrs. WATSON—What's the matter, tell us, dear.
Mrs. BENTON—I'm insulted badly!

Or again:

LAKME—Behrill in yonder woods uplooming. What traveler now hath lost his way?

One would imagine that if the traveller "uploomed" he would look over the tree tops and find his way. We cannot repeat too often that words to be sung and understood must be of the simplest. No unusual words should be employed, because the ear will not catch them. It is quite difficult enough to understand the plainest of singers, but when the words are twisted it becomes impossible. So far this is the weak point in all opera sung in English. We were so pleased with the putting on of the opera that we had almost forgotten to mention the dresses, which were superb. The picturesque blending of colors and the absolute accuracy of detail are most commendable, and the pretty brown ballet is the nearest approach to a representation of Nautch dancing that we have seen upon any stage. Usually the dancing is French, no matter what the locale may be; but here all is keeping.

Templeton's Mikado company opened to a fair house at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday evening. Mr. Templeton has gotten together a strong company for the production of the opera, and it comes to the Metropolis with a most flattering provincial endorsement. Charles L. Harris has rounded out his impersonation of the Mikado with bits of stage business and invested it with more unctuous humor. What he has to say is uttered with distinctness and in measured tones, as becomes the mock dignity of the part. But his singing—or, rather, his articulation in singing—has not improved. Gibert's words must be uttered with distinctness, and with a full sense of their meaning, even if the music be in whole or in part sacrificed. Many comedians without vocal endowments find in this the secret of their success. What Mr. Harris said in his principal song was not understood by the audience. Mr. Broderick's Pooh-Bah was a fine performance. He played the part of the proud politician without losing a point. In music and dialogue not a word was lost, and his solos were redemanded. Jay Taylor's excuse for appearing in opera is that he has a fine voice. He acted Nanki-Poo very badly, but his fine tenor was in high favor with the audience. In the first act W. H. Seymour's Ko-Ko was a disappointment; a dreary performance, with little in it that amused. In the second act the comedian warmed up to his work and was most comical, keeping the audience in roars. A few in the audience detected a neat imitation of Irving in one of his scenes. The Willow was sung in an original manner, and with a variety of dialects, and the encores were numerous. But Mr. Seymour does not catch the meaning of the dialogue of *The Mikado*, and frequently indulges in incoherent jabber. William Giberson's Pish Tush was a very fair performance. Lucille Meredith is a charming Yum Yum, acting the part neatly and singing the music cleverly. Her Moon song was liberally applauded, and during the evening she received several floral gifts. Emma Mabella Baker's Katisha has more than once been favorably noticed in these columns. It is a nicely rounded performance. Miss Baker is the possessor of a musical if not over strong contralto voice, and she was called upon to repeat her solos. One fault may be found with Miss Baker: she makes up her face as Katisha too hideously. In other respects her performance is most acceptable. Hattie Starr has much improved in the part of Pitti Sing, giving a very coquettish performance. But Miss Starr should modify some of her stage business, as it is too prankish, and interferes with others who should have the attention of the audience for the nonce. Selina Rough presented a pleasing picture in the small part of Peep Bo.

A chorus of thirty odd gave material assistance to the rendering of the opera and frequently drowned the orchestra, which was rather attenuated. The leader led with his right and pounded the piano with his left, and frequently jumped to his feet while doing this double duty. The slim orchestra was a drawback to the opera. Such accompaniment is unmetropolitan.

The opera was neatly costumed and finely mounted. Ko Ko's Garden, by Lafayette W. Seavey, was a gem, and generous applause followed the rolling up of the curtains on the first act. The second act, from the brush of Joseph Clare, was also very fine. It is understood that these scenes are to be carried on tour for the week stands. Next week. The Colleen Bawn.

At Signor Emilio Bellari's concert we heard some excellent singing by his various pupils, among whom we must mention Miss Northrop and Frank Barnard as being specially satisfactory. The latter has a very fine tenor and sings very well.

The Mikado is flourishing once more in his old capital, the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Rose Foster the favorite Pitti-Sing, has been obliged to rest for a while, but the pretty, lively Peep-Bo, Gertrude St. Maur, and the charming Yum Yum, Geraldine Ulmar, are still on view.

The addition of Pauline Hall to the cast of The Gypsy Baron, at the Casino, has been very welcome to the public. Although she still shows signs of her late illness in the power of her voice, yet her advent is like a ray of sunlight among clouds. Harry Pepper is also a marked improvement on the very mushy Count Homminay we have been trying to hear up to now. Mr. Pepper has a good voice and sings well, and we are glad to see him among the Casino tenors.

The Princess of Trebizonde in her burlesque dress is drawing well at Koster and Bial's, and lots of applause shows nightly the gratification of the audience.

Brooklyn Amusements.

A very satisfactory company from the Madison Square Theatre opened a week's engagement at the Park Theatre last Monday evening in Mrs. Ver Planck's comedy, *Sealed Instructions*. The house had not looked as cheerful since the Modjeska week, with its large audience composed of the most desirable kind of theatre goers. Manager Palmer's popularity in Brooklyn is of the most substantial kind, and he never loses an opportunity to show his keen appreciation of it and his no less sharp desire for more of it. The good opinion of him and his players constantly grows, too. In *Sealed Instructions* the company was a capable one and the representation excellent. Manager Palmer scoring another point for himself. The company included Frederic Robinson (Dorchester), Walden Ramsey (Dunbar), Charles Craig—instead of Herbert Kecey—(Haughton), J. H. Stoddard (Benton), E. M. Holland (Gerald Dunbar), E. M. Boyle (Dunbar), Mathilde Madison (Mrs. Haughton), Marian Russell (Ada), Marie Burroughs (Katherine) and Lizzie Duroy (Susanne). This cast worked harmoniously and the audience rewarded nearly all of them with marked recognition. The comedy was placed on the stage in excellent style. The audience was of good proportions considering the blustering March wind that blew and made out of door experience exceedingly uncomfortable.

There has been something of a crush at the Brooklyn Theatre to see and hear Emma Abbott and company in opera in English. It is called a Grand Opera company, but that is a superlative that may just as well be omitted. Its success was grand, great, or whatever adjective may best suit large attendance and a most cordial reception; but the line must be drawn at Grand when the representations are referred to. They were none the less enjoyable for all that, however, judging from the manner in which they were applauded. On Monday night Emma Abbott appeared as Arline, with Senor Michelena as Thaddeus. The greeting accorded to the star was of the warmest kind, and before she had sung ten bars she had resumed her place, yearly made for her, in the admiration of Brooklynites. Something out of the ordinary in the line of praise is due William Pruette for some excellent singing and acting as Arnheim. His rendering of "The Heart Bowed Down" was encored again and again. Senor Michelena was a rather effeminate Thaddeus. The chorus was fair. Their best work was in singing. They often acted like a lot of straggling sheep. On Tuesday the company ventured on *The Mikado*, and vocally the performance was unusually fine. Emma Abbott's Yum-Yum was full of genuine piquancy. The Mikado proved so popular that it was immediately announced to be given on Saturday afternoon and evening, in the place of *Martha* and *Il Trovatore*. Emma Abbott did not appear as Yum Yum at the matinee on Wednesday. Bellini took her place. The other operas of the week were *Mignon* and *La Traviata*.

The American Opera produced *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on the 25th ult. The audience filled all but a few seats in undesirable corners, and the enthusiasm of the spectators was very noticeable. Miss L'Allemand and Jessie Bartlett Davis as the merry wives made emphatic successes, while William Hamilton as Falstaff and Myron W. Whitney, in the unimportant role of Mr. Page, and May Fielding as Annie Page were favorably received. Manager Locke will repeat *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* on the 11th inst. instead of giving either *Lakmé* or *The Magic Flute*. All but a few of the subscribers have signified their approval of the change from the original announcement of no repetitions. *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, by all means the most complete production of the American Opera so far, has made a deeply favorable impression in Brooklyn, as it has in this city.

Boucicault's Shaughraun was the means of introducing to a Brooklyn audience last Monday Boucicault's protégé, Henry E. Walton, as Conn. This new Irish comedian—new at

least to the boards in this neighborhood—seems to have freely nursed at the Boucicault bottle of Irish characterization. In voice, manner and stage business, and even in dress, if the size of the man is overlooked, he is very much like the creator of the famous stage Irish vagabond. In fact the copy is so palpable that it grows to wearisomeness before the performance is over. Mr. Walton, however, is evidently an actor of ability, and could easily be more original in his interpretation if his personal admiration for Boucicault were not allowed to control his judgment. Like all copyists, he fails to give those delicate bits of play which in the case of his model is the result of the impulse of naturalness. The cast was quite competent, and included Clara Henderson (Claire), Emma Pierce instead of Clara Evelyn (Moya), Ella Sothorn (Arie O'Neil), Mrs. Charles Peters (Mrs. O'Kelly), Winston Murray (Kinchela) and Verner Clarges (Father Dolan). The house was good and the applause abundant.

At the Criterion Theatre Robert C. Hilliard made what is called his second professional appearance. He played Cheviot Hill in *Engaged*, and succeeded in giving a very fair portrayal of the part. Ada Dyas was Belinda, and a more charming and amusing Belinda has seldom been seen in this piece. Sydney Cowell as the Scotch girl was very good, and Olga Brandon won admirers without number. The reason Mr. Hilliard played *A H. Forrest* part in *Held by the Enemy*, on the 22d ult., was owing to Forrest's illness. W. H. Gillette, the author of the play, was telegraphed the state of affairs, and also that Hilliard offered to play the part. "If he can do so without going on with the manuscript, go ahead," was the answer. Forrest was on hand the following night. Carrie Turner gave a splendid performance of the heroine in this piece. It was full of dramatic fire and artistic subtlety.

The clever vaudevilles of George H. Wood were missed last Monday night at Hyde and Behman's. The Hallen and Hart First Prize Ideals were the cards, and they furnished a burlesque on *The Two Orphans* as a tag piece, and oh! what a piece it is! Wood and Billy Barry will be heard of again soon, and then the fun will be roaring once more. The Ideals proper furnished the olio. The audience was of good size.

Katherine Rogers closed an artistic engagement at the Novelty Theatre on Feb. 27. Leah was the play. Last Monday night Kate Castleton began a week in *Crazy Patch*. The house was fair, and those present seemed to enjoy the performance. The singing was especially applauded.

There is considerable talk of new theatres in Brooklyn, and one did begin operations last Monday. This was in Greenpoint, and in a building formerly known as the Manhattan Skating Rink. A stage has been built and some scenery provided. The place will seat about 2,000 people. A company headed by Oliver Wren opened the place. Fanchon, Enoch Arden, *The Two Orphans* and *Rip Van Winkle* were the pieces announced. On Monday night the piece was Fanchon.

At the Lee Avenue Academy of Music Bartley Campbell's *White Slave* constituted the bill, to the apparent delight of large numbers. It was produced in a very effective manner, the scenery being managed without a hitch. The company was very fair.

The Howard Athenæum Star Specialty company filled the People's Theatre last Monday night. The performance was capital.

George W. Thompson and his brother, William J. Thompson, are budding forth in the Gold King at the Standard Museum. They have a rank company with them. On Thursday afternoon the bill was to be changed to *For a Life*; or, *The Orphan's Trust*.

NOTES.

Mme. Henry Greville lectured on Feb. 23 and March 3.

George Riddle appeared in readings in a fashionable church, St. John's M. E., on March 1.

The Philharmonic gave their sixth orchestral matinee on March 2. On Feb. 27 their fifth concert took place.

The police prevented recitations at a Sunday concert on Feb. 28 at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music.

The Sunday sacred concerts at Zipp's Casino are progressing quietly and successfully. At the Lee Avenue Academy of Music Conductor Cappa with his Seventh Regiment Band, tried for better luck than they had two weeks before at the Grand Opera House, and partly succeeded.

Barry and Fay Reunited.

Barry and Fay, after a long separation, have decided to join forces again and go on the road. Last Wednesday the comedians came together, and the result is that the old partnership is renewed. Mr. Fay played for the last time in Jack-in-the-Box at the Union Square Theatre last Saturday night, and on the bills of the theatre in Brooklyn is announced the last week of Billy Barry.

"There was no real trouble between us," said Hugh Fay to a MIRROR reporter "and the only reason for the separation was my bad health. Now that I have recovered sufficiently, and feel strong enough to grapple any number of deputy sheriffs and managers of one night stands, we are going out again. Mr. Barry starts out first, opening in Irish Aristocracy without me on next Monday evening in Holyoke, Mass., with a company including Florence Worth, whom he describes as one of the most beautiful women on the stage; Maggie Gallagher, Jeppe and Fanny Delano, George H. Wood, Adolph Bernard and George Frank. "His manager will be George Fitchett, and they will play a season of six weeks. When that is over, and probably before, I will join him with my new play, which we will act together and continue in for the rest of the season. I am almost positive that the new piece will be a success. It will be a comedy-drama in three acts, and the parts for Mr. Barry and myself will be almost identical with those in the other plays of the kind in which we have appeared together."

The Giddy Gusher.



If I could reach a real old-fashioned circus by going off in this blizzard over a corduroy road, in a springless wagon, for a hundred miles, it wouldn't be safe to bet I would stay at home. Therefore if any old horse begins to go round in a barn or any one hangs out a pair of spangled trunks in a back yard, your Gusher is found witnessing the spectacle with the wild admiration she always feels for a laudable effort in the right direction. You are fully prepared, then, to hear that my noble features have given an air of intellect and seriousness to the affair corner of Forty-first street and Broadway. We are a disconsolate party, to be sure. The ring is so small one could almost give it to a baby to cut its teeth on. Nice, circus smelling tanbark is dispensed with, and a few shovelful of garden dirt does duty. A more hopeless gang of rocking-horses never disported in an entry, and a sorrier lot of old clothes were never hung out on horses. But it's colored posters set forth that its name was Circus, and in called your circus-loving Gusher.

Every place of the kind has its sad feature, and this is no exception. A Professor Somebody, an able-bodied man, is getting his living out of a goat, a wretched little monkey and a few mongrel dogs. Anything more pitiful than the slack-rope performance of a wretched monkey in a pink calico frock I never saw. The poor beast is new to the business, filled with distrust of the rope, very doubtful of its ability to hang on, and entirely anxious to get to the crotch of wood that supports the line. It leaves this haven of security with reluctance; it returns with head over heels celerity. The poor weazen face is contracted by fear as it goes, with a rush and scramble, for the protecting bits of wood. The clown is a good deal used up. The moths seem to have got into his ginger-colored hair and done much damage. The principal female rider cannot be induced to stay on her horse, but tumbles off at inopportune moments and in the most indiscriminate manner. There are falls and tumbles; hers are tumbles.

There's a pale, eager-faced woman, who puts more confidence in her jaw than most women. The narrow limits of the Cosmopolitan afforded no chance for daring flights or hair-standing leaps, but they drag this party about by a rubber pad between her teeth till you find yours have the lock-jaw in sheer sympathy.

I cannot account for Robert Stickney's being with this company. He may want practice, or has a horse he desires to keep up to business. Certainly he seems 'mighty out of place among these artists; showing his fine form and graceful riding to a handful of ragged boys and a baker's dozen of women and children.

Stickney is a splendid figure of a man, as Aunt Hannah would say. If some one would disturb the awful bandolined rigidity of his hair, that is thrown up on one place and plastered down another, I would go on and say he was handsome; but no man can be good-looking and resemble a barber's block so closely.

It's funny to notice the sincere admiration the troupe have for this equestrian Apollo. Down to the man who holds the banners and the toughs who sell pop-corn candy, every top-knot is laid out, soaped down and parted like Bob's.

I can always tell you the distinguishing features of the most celebrated man in a company or a band or a club, before seeing the Admirable Crichton. Just hear Barrett's company bleat before he comes on. Note the lingering nasal tremor of Irving's gang. Catch on to the near-sightedness of the principal corner-players. Hear the catarrhal snorts the satellites of Clara Morris indulge in. John Sullivan came on a tear to New York with a hideous indigo-blue shirt on. The following week every pug was standing up in cerulean calico as near the tint as he could get. So when I saw the candy-butcher at the Cosmopolitan with his head ornamented with hair scroll-work, with scollops on his brow, I would have laid an egg it was my Robert's capillary vagaries that set the fashion.

Take down your hair, Bob. Try a simple bang. You are a darling in the pastoral days of Mlle. Arisana Felicia, and you are today the best-formed man in the circus business.

Nine men out of ten at four o'clock every day have what I call a glaze on 'em. They

have had innumerable cocktails; they have 'set 'em up' and 'balled off' till lunch-time, when they have put porter, claret, Bass and brandy into the hopper, and are not only glazed, but fit to frame.

This seems to be man's normal condition, and far be it from me to question its propriety; but when I find woman after woman in a dazed and unnatural state from the use of some idiotic drug, I begin to get scared. Who will take care of the men pretty soon when the women can't take care of themselves?

It isn't very long ago that I was in a Sixth avenue drug-shop when a fine-looking, elegantly dressed woman made some trifling purchases and then ordered a glass of Vichy water. Taking a long, slim phial from her reticule, she measured with her finger on the bottle just the half of it, and dumping it into the water she do vied the entire concoction. The sandy-headed clerk stood one minute in stagnant horror, and then he vaulted over the counter and, saying a word to another clerk, dashed bare-headed out upon the street.

The lady and myself turned to the door to follow the lunatic, when clerk No. 2 barred our way.

"No, you don't!" cried the lad. "You've committed suicide."

In bounced the other fellow and a policeman, a doctor and several others. With a business-like clash, young sorrel-top produced a stomach-pump. The doctor laid a professional hand on it, while the officer laid his on the woman to drag her to the rear room. The woman protested. She acknowledged she had taken a half bottle of McMunn's Elixir of Optium, but claimed it was not in excess of her usual dose. Then I advised the stomach-pump as well as a strait-jacket. She saved herself by sending for a neighboring doctor who knew her and who corroborated her story. And this woman did not belong to the class who perhaps have a right to destroy their reasoning faculties; she was a respected wife and mother.

A gentleman said to me the other day: "Have you noticed something strange in Emma lately? She is in a dazed way all the while. I wish you'd find out, if you can, what occasions it."

So I began at the young lady next time I met her, and asked her to have a drop of whiskey to keep the cold out. Oh, no; she couldn't bear any sort of liquor; couldn't even drink ale.

I trumped up a story about my nervous system being on a rampage, and thought I'd go see a doctor, as I did not know what to take. She advised chloral at once; told me the proper dose, and finally said she used it for her own nerves.

"My mother-in-law has taken it for years," said the lady. So when I saw Mr. Husband I told him he'd a fine outlook with two dystempered women to reform instead of one.

A friend, with some violent affection of the head, who was using this drug to get a moment's peace, went to Boston and in the presence of some young ladies took a dose of it.

"You get a much stronger and cheaper article to buy chloral in the crystals and make your own solution," said one of them.

The gentleman was ignorant of that way, and the Beantown miss skipped out to her chamber and returned with her box of chloral and a tiny pair of scales, with which she weighed the proper amount and dissolved it in some pleasant-flavored water.

"Why, everyone uses it," said she to the astonished man.

Every little while I run across a woman "under treatment," and when I inquire what sort of treatment, and for what, I find she has a prescription originally procured from some doctor she has not consulted in years. This prescription is put up every few days, and as it contains a cracking big dose of morphia, why it keeps the old girl quiet. She is following the doctor's orders, and is comfortably fuddled on morphia half her time.

All the women to whom I have referred have passed their twenty-fifth year; but this week I was horrified when a girl not fifteen years old told me that in her school (one of the best in Boston) more than half the girls took a solution of chloral.

"It helps one do lessons in arithmetic; I'm sure of that," said the little dunce. Now, what on earth will she be at twenty-five, when she's ciphering on chloral at fifteen?

From all I can glean of the present state of the schools, I think a new branch could be successfully introduced and a highly medicated woman appointed to oversee the physical condition of the students. It's a good thing to fire into the young mind the rule of three and a knowledge of the solar system; but to give a course of chloral to the blackboard is going to give the world a sorry set of women.

I am well aware that this is a very feeble effort of mine this week, but if you had annexed as much of this blizzard weather as I have, and had as many compound fractures of temper as I have got, you would say it was doing very well for a sick and suffering GUSHER.

Mr. Pigott's Play.

The preparations are completed for the production of J. W. Pigott's play, *She Loved Him*, at the Lyceum Theatre on Thursday afternoon,

March 14. The piece was originally written for Sophie Eyre, and the author has been fortunate in securing her services to create the leading role. Louis James will appear in the opposite part, Joseph Haworth having sent word that he would be unable to co-operate with Mr. Pigott. Besides these artists there will appear in the cast E. H. Sothorn, Joan Shirley, Charles Albert Smiley, George De Vere, George Turner, McCulloch Ross, W. Payson, S. Dubour, Nellie Mortimer De Vere, Enid Leslie and Miss Estor. Rehearsals are being held daily. If *She Loved Him* proves as successful as the author hopes, it will be presented at a New York theatre for a run and sent on the road next season.

The Ancient Clown.

Midnight had tolled the wind blew cold, Deserted was the Square, Save for an old, poor man who strolled In idle wandering there. His form was gaunt, his raiment scant, And doonaunt was his mien; He bore the stamp of mould and damp, A wretched old "Has been."

"Old man," quoth I, as he passed by, "What art thou? Prigot, tell, He heaved a sigh, he wiped his eye, And said: 'Look here, my well, You're fat and sleek, I thin and weak, You smoke the mild cigar; Within my cheek you'll vainly seek For 'Lace' or 'Lone Star.' You've had your lunch, your brandy punch, Your coastall, too, so fear; If you would know my tale of woe, Put up the festive beer."

Ab, me! that moon, how sad its ne, How easter were those eyes, To that sad heart one joy 't impart Were sure a poet's prize.

"Come on, old man, we'll clink the can, And thou shalt tell thy tale Of woe and want." Quoth he: "I can't, Under a pint of ale."

The malt was bought, and quick as thought, It vanished like a dream, A "go" of gin, I likewise bought, The rest was left to me.

That vanished too, and then I knew, As glibly it slipped down, That I had there—that fossil rare, The most extinct of Clowns; For as the gin warmed him within, His face began to flush, And on each cheek grew, so to speak, A strange three-cornered blush.

The rest was left to me, And spirits lacked the power To spread their gloom o'er front and nose, In that chill midnight hour. Methought I heard that thrilling word, That erst at Drury Lane, On Boxing Night my soul had stirred, Of—'Here we are again!'

My childhood's days began to rise, Their glances o'er my sight, Ah, me! those days—those happy days— That blissful Boxing Night, But how delect, of sad aspect, The almost extinct Clown, And vintage worn and wan, Was now this Clown who once the town Would charm, in days now gone, I bowed my head, no word I said, Till, rushing to the aid, I cried: "Run hot! I'll pay his shot, And give me a cigar."

What makes you here so lone and drear; Why sit you staring, chosen, Or enquirer?" Said he: "Oh, dear! They've prigg'd my bloom!" wheeze, They've boned my tricks and left me air, Those low comedians, Old Right well they've named; I'd be ashamed To play it down so low, Them Skating Rinks, them Forty Winks, Them Bunch of Keys and such, Are pastimes—without the rhyme; They've queered the old cove's pitch, My ancient gags, my wigs, my bags, They bring them in much gold, What I scarce here in garments queer, And left out in the cold, Those puddings sweet, that once to eat In public was my pride, Are served up now for my own treat, While I have sought inside, My crooked shanks, my quips and cracks And wreathed smiles they steal, And turn to cash, it's mighty flush, But I ain't got a good word to say, My time-worn jokes these quibby blokes Claim for their very own, I ask but bread, Alack! instead I get a blood-stone's stone, My poker hot, that once the pot Kept billa' for the kids, They've soaked away, and now I may Go whiling for my quids, Once on a time, in my young prime, I houses drew—dye see? But now, decayed, I'm sore afraid, Th' alms-house is a-drawin' of me, And then he heaved a sigh, he cried, And drank his liquor down, And never more, by sea or shore, Saw I that ancient Clown.

—FRED. LYSTER.

An Everyday Comedy.

SCENE:—A shabby apartment strewn with empty beer-bottles and torn up "Seaside Liberator" novels. It is furnished with a rickety table, chair, ditto, inkstand, ditto, penholder ditto, and a pair of skairs.

VICTORIAN SARDINE, Dramatic Author, discovered in very nightgown costume—smoking a short pipe, and racking his brain for an idea.

Enter BRIDGET, wafting a perfume of soap, heronette, stove-polish and whiskey.

BRIDGET—Misther Sardine, there's a man beyant the dure wants to spake to ye.

SARDINE (loftily)—Let him enter.

BRIDGET (going to the door)—Come in, young man, and take yer lid off.

[Enter Mr. STUFFINS, exit BRIDGET.]

STUFFINS (nodding to SARDINE)—How d'ye?

SAR.—What can I do for you, my friend?

STUF.—De bloke at de ageny said you wanted a snoozer about my size—for an actor.

SAR. (looking at him)—I fear there is some mistake.

STUF.—Mistake; nary mistake—if dere is, I'll put a head on dat ageny feller as big as an iron pot. Say! ain't you de snoozer as writes dem ere plays?

SAR.—I am a dramatic author, if that's what you mean.

STUF.—Hit it fust lick. Well, den, I'm de feller what can act 'em good—and don't yer ferrit it.

SAR.—An actor, eh? Are you capable of delineating character?

STUF.—Oh, give us a rest! I can fetch 'em every time; dat's what's de matter wid me. All I want is a show and a paper o' sand.

SAR.—What for?

STUF.—What fur! Why, to get a grip wid; d'ye tink I eat it? Not much I don't.

SAR.—But my work demands high intelligence.

STUF.—Intelligence—what d'ye call dis? [Executes a breakdown.] How's dat for high? Wha-a-at!

[SARDINE starts, claps his hand to his head and speaks hurriedly.]

SAR.—Stay—one moment—stay! My dear Mr.—what name did you say?

STUF.—Stuffins—dat's my pronoun, and I ain't ashamed of it.

SAR.—My dear Mr. Stuffins, you are a genius—an expert upon the light fantastic toe.

STUF.—What are yer givin' us?

SAR.—An athlete, a funambulist, a professor of the high art of ground and lofty tumbling.

STUF.—Oh, yer mean flip-flaps—I jes tink dat's what's de matter wid me. Air wheels,

an' leaps, an' roll-outs, an' trapeze. See me give 'em de giant's swing. Praps not—oh, no; and de bars. Praps I ain't de hairpin as kin take a header through a plunge trap, nor go kerslap through a star flipper.

SAR. (embracing him).—Magnificent artist, entrancing genius! In you I recognize my hero!—the man who will make my intellectual comedy of farcical incident a grand and overwhelming success. To you will be confided the elucidation of my marvelous plot, and the delineation of my elaborate characterization.

STUF.—What's all dat when it's boiled—say?

SAR.—You are engaged.

STUF.—Put it right dar—shake—let's smile.

—Tableau. Curtain.

THREE WEEKS LATER.

Extract from the daily press. It is with great pleasure we announce the immediate success of the versatile and popular author Victorien Sardine's farcical comedy, *Peasants and Poppets*. There is a wealth of racy humor and brilliant action, with a rapid and sparkling succession of striking novelties, which at once secured the cordial reception of a large and distinguished audience; among the most prominent of which we observed several well-known leaders of society. The acting was beyond praise. Mr. Stuffins showed scholarly ease and graceful precision in everything he did, and must be called one of the most intelligent actors of the day. His evolutions on the corde volante are a poem of motion, and his tripartite can triplets are a liberal education. World we had more such poetical artists. The goat, playfully called "Billy," on the bicycle, and the cat, sportively named "Tommy," on roller skates, electrified the cultured audience. This pronounced success of *Peasants and Poppets* will at once and for ever silence those captious critics who cry out at the decline of the drama. The stage has never been held in higher esteem, or valuer due to that far-seeing managerial tact which gives the public exactly what it wants.

Professional Doings.

—Bella Moore closes season on March 23.

—J. W. Carroll, advance agent, is at liberty.

—Lydia Thompson is doing capitally with *Oxygen* at the Boston Bijou.

—Maggie Dean, late soubrette with Barney McAuley, is in the city and at liberty.

—Fred. Ward reappears in this city, at the Third Avenue Theatre, on March 22.

—George F. Leacock and Ella Wren, of Rhea's company, have been ill recently.

—Hattie Grinnell has engaged with the Martens Family of Tyrolean Warblers.

—John F. De Gez has left the *Strangers of Paris* company and returned to the city.

—The McCaull Opera company will produce *Don Cesar* in Philadelphia on March 20.

—Richard Yarwood has been engaged as assistant treasurer of the Comedy Theatre.

—H. S. Taylor returned from his short visit to Cleveland and Buffalo on last Saturday.

—Bill Nye and James W. Riley, the Hoosier poet, have joined forces in an Entertainment.

—Philip Lehnen, of Syracuse, is shortly to take Charles T. Ellis on the road, starring him in *German Luck*.

—Blind Tom, though almost forgotten, still gives concerts; but he seldom or never appears in popular concert.

—Walter McNichol is playing *George F. De Vere, Jr.* at the Bijou, the latter being ill with malarial fever.

—William Collington is playing with success the Hebrew role of *Abe Nathan* in *Shadows of a Great City*.

—The owners of the Opera House at Atlantic City, Pa., will expend about \$20,000 on improvements this summer.

—Dan Williams has been engaged to play the part of St. Dobbs in support of Frances Bishop in *Maggie's Landing*.

—Ray City, Mich., is to have a new opera house to be called the Bijou. It will be in Clay and Buckley's circuit.

—D. B. Heiner, manager of the Kittington (Pa.) Opera House, wants to book some good attractions for next season.

—The following are open dates at Tootle's Opera House, St. Joseph, Mo.: March 17 to 30; April 1 to 6 and 19 to 30.

—Last week's business with Tony Hart and The Toy Pistol is said to have been the largest ever known at the Comedy Theatre.

—Edith Crollis is shortly to star in a drama written for her by Edward Atkins, entitled *Gypsy Madge*; or, *A Checkered Life*.

—Sol Smith Russell carries but a short time in New England. He shortly returns to his old stamping-ground, the Northwest.

—Horace Dawson, brother of Forbes, has just arrived from Winnipeg. He was with Lyell's company, and had a rough time of it.

—J. B. Polk has arranged for a summer season of *Mixed Pickles* in California, and has engaged Frank McKee for the advance work.

—On May 1 Hawthorne, the customer, will remove from 266 Broadway to 4 East Twentieth street, between Broadway and Fifth avenue.

—Manager Harris has appointed J. H. Anderson to succeed William Coyle as business manager of his Cincinnati Museum. The latter goes with Forepaugh's Circus.

—James S. Maffei, the Lone Fisherman in *Evangeline*, has been ill for some time. His part has been very cleverly played by W. H. Mack, of Wade and Mack, who are a feature in the Six Miserable Ruffians.

—Last week's business with The Leather Patch at the New Park Theatre was the largest that Mr. Harrigan has ever played to during his entire career of ten seasons in this city. The receipts were over \$11,000.

—At the close of the engagement of Jack in the Box at the Union Square Theatre the play will be seen at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, and then at the People's Theatre, after which it will go on the road.

—John T. Kelly, of Kelly and Mason, will make his first appearance since starring in *The Tigers*, at Tony Pastor's Theatre next Monday evening, in an entirely new one-act comedy entitled, *That Man From Galway*.

—Alfred Follin has had several good offers since he severed his connection with Fred. Bryton's company, but has been obliged to decline owing to ill-health. He is now quite recovered, however, and is open for offers.

—Charles C. McCarty will start out again with his drama, *One of the Bravest*, under the management of Gus Phillips, on March 22, opening in Ansonia, Conn., where the performance will be given under the auspices of the Fire Department of that city.

—A well-known actor, a subscriber to THE MIRROR, in writing recently to complain of not having received a copy of his paper, says: "I depend entirely on THE MIRROR for professional news and information, and therefore feel utterly lost when it fails to reach me."

—Mart Hanley has concluded to leave San Francisco, and the company to which he belongs, and has therefore stopped all negotiations with Al. Hayman, of the Baldwin company, who will not go west of Chicago this summer.

—During the recent visit of the Oliver Byron company to Pensacola, Fla., they received marked social attentions. H. B. Hudson, leading man; James Allger, manager, and Mr. Byron were made honorary members of the Osceola Club.

—The Cincinnati managers are displeased with the action of the Law and Order League in allowing the saloons to operate on Sunday without interference, and Messrs. Forepaugh and Gabriel, and probably Manager Harris, will open on Sunday hereafter.

—On Sunday night next the first regular Sunday evening concert at the Casino will take place, with Mme. Indie, M. Minart and Miss Raymond, in conjunction with Rudolph Aronson's orchestra. Mr. Aronson, who has entirely recovered from his recent illness, will conduct.

—The 200th performance at Tony Pastor's Theatre will take place on April 1, and will be marked not only by a grand celebration, but the distribution as well of a convention. Mr. Pastor intends giving away something on that evening that will actually be preserved as a souvenir.

—Rose Levers has closed her season temporarily. She will reorganize her company and open at Akron, O., on March 15. Miss Levers closed to return to New York and increase her repertoire. She will return with a repertoire of fifteen standard comedies and dramas.

—Proved True, Mortimer Mumford's drama, which is to be produced at the Brooklyn Grand Opera House, on March 22, will be under the management of Harry Sewell. Miss M. Fitzpatrick will create the role of the heroine. The play will be presented with a moving and special scenery.

—F. Markham, of Manhattan and Co., owners of the Egyptian Hall Mystery, which was exhibited for years at Egyptian Hall, London, is in this country looking for a place in which to produce it here, and will probably be for the first time in America at the Chicago Museum some time this week.

—The tour of the Belle Cole Company, which they opened at Kingston, N. Y., on March 10, thence to Poughkeepsie, Troy and Northampton, James Blenheim, the baritone, is specially engaged. A tour of several months is projected. The company is under the management of the Summer Entertainment Bureau.

—On next Monday evening, *Peasants and Poppets* will produce, for the first time in this city, the new comedy drama entitled *Peasants and Poppets*. He will be supported by Sydney, Harry Harwood, Percy, and others. Mr. Harry Harwood, Percy, and others. Mr. Harry Harwood, Percy, and others.

—On Monday evening last George A. Sullivan covered the part of La Haine in *Shadows of a Great City* at the Fourth Street Theatre, which had formerly been assumed by John A. Kay. His imitation of Irving in the scene which cost him considerable money, in the part of Captain Sheridan, did well.

—The Evans Company will be the companying of Edwin Booth's company, Lawrence Barrett. The company will be in the city on a tour with the work of Booth's Theatre years ago. All the money for Hume's *Misery* was being made by this tour.

—Negotiations are pending between C. Conner and A. M. Palmer, who formerly played at the Madison Square Theatre, and who, with Miss Allen, have been engaged by the Evans Company. He will be seen in a new play, *Peasants and Poppets*, which he played in *Peasants and Poppets*.

—Miss Wain has been engaged by the Evans Company to play the part of the Princess in *Peasants and Poppets*. She will be seen in a new play, *Peasants and Poppets*, which he played in *Peasants and Poppets*.

—The Giv will be produced for a week at the Star Theatre, ending next Monday night, with all the original scenery from the *Peasants and Poppets* Theatre, and with John A. Kay, Harry Elin, George Clark and others of the last company in the city. The first appearance of Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Hume on the stage of the Star since they left it several years ago.

—At last advice J. H. Lane was still lingering in jail at Stillwater, Minn., but a petition for his pardon was in circulation, and it was hoped he would soon be free man. The Stillwater correspondent of THE MIRROR writes: "That Mr. Lane may have committed an indiscretion we admit; but that he has been more stoned against than sinning, on our conversation with his case will verify."

—Tony Pastor is making preparations for his road season. Besides the long list of attractions already announced, he has secured Hines and Remington in their new act, *Our Pawn-Shop*. Such a hit was made with this sketch at his theatre that Mr. Pastor secured the artists at once. Harry Morris will also produce his afterpiece, said to be the funniest ever presented in a specialty theatre, entitled *Our Dutch Actors*.

—Horace Lewis has organized a company to take on tour *Two Nights in Rome*. Following are the members: Lizzie Green (who will play *Antonia*), Katie Gilbert (who will play *Evelyn Aubrey*), J. T. Burke, Harry Bell, Fred. Julian, Edith Julian, Portia Allen, C. M. Robles, and Horace Lewis, who will play *Benedict*, the Corsican. Miss Gilbert and Mr. Bell were in the original cast at the Union Square Theatre. Mr. Lewis, Miss Allen, Mr. Bell and Miss Gilbert were in the travelling company that left the Union Square. The opening took place at Washington last Monday night.

—The American College of Musicians has been incorporated, having for its object the promotion of a high standard of musical attainments among its members; to endeavor to advance the science and art of music to a high degree, and to encourage and aid all lovers of music, especially those engaged in teaching it, and to attain a higher degree of proficiency in the art. Among the incorporators and trustees are Samuel P. Warren, Albert A. Stanley, E. M. Bowman, Dr. Louis Maas, W. W. O'Christ, W. H. Sherwood, Frederick O. Wheeler, Charles R. Adams, S. B. Warren, and Louisa Campbell.

A black and white illustration of a man in a dark coat and hat standing on a train platform. The train is behind him, and the word 'BOSTON.' is printed at the bottom.

The Usher.



In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet,
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

A. C. Wheeler, the brilliant critic, tried his lecture in reply to burly Bob Ingersoll in Providence on Sunday night. Despite the blizzard there was a good audience present that relished Wheeler's stalwart defense of the Christian cause and his fierce and caustic onslaught upon the works thrown up by the noted infidel. Wherever the discourse is delivered it will awaken interest and discussion, and "Nym Crinkle" may be heartily congratulated on the complete success of his first rostrum effort.

Clara Morris is suffering from inflammatory rheumatism. The result is that she limps in walking, and the patience of the audience is severely tested between the acts. On Monday night it was announced that she would be unable to incur the fatigue of changing her costumes, and so she wore the same frock through the four acts of Miss Multon. If inflammatory rheumatism should strike some of our leading actresses and they had to resort to this method of relief, their occupation would speedily be gone and several modistes would instantly shut up shop.

What is the matter with Rhèa—or rather with her manager? A telegram just received from New Orleans briefly announces: "Rhèa closes season here a week from Saturday." Farewell to the elusive hopes of the volatile and verbose Jimmy Morrissey! Farewell to the company's dream of a long and prosperous season! Farewell to the good foundation laid with enterprise, industry and business talent by Arthur Chase! Rhèa is to be commiserated for having trusted her tour to the inventor of the now mouldy Abbott kiss, and congratulated on the determination to manage her own affairs next season. She will hire a good business manager and superintend her affairs herself. In this new departure may she prove more fortunate.

Another disagreement has arisen between the Curtis brothers. M. B. is "going it alone" once more and Frank has returned to the city. He will only say in regard to the matter that the quarrel is entirely a fraternal one, and that this time sister-in-law has not taken a hand. It is only fair to say that he looks as smiling as he did at the time when, after going four years without speaking, he and Sam'l of Posen buried their little hatchet and embraced.

Edwin Booth is probably the most generous and charitable man in the profession. No deserving person who applies to him for aid leaves empty handed. His eleemosynary deeds are done quietly and unostentatiously. Indeed, he frequently makes it a condition that his gifts shall be held as confidential. I know that he voluntarily sent a cheque for \$500 to a worthy object the other day, accompanied by a note in which he requested that the donation should not be made public. During his engagement at the Fifth Avenue he responded to any number of appeals from all sorts of quarters. I am sorry to say that there are some people on the stage, prosperous and famous, who give alms where they will do the most good—to themselves. They reason that \$10 worth of charity should bring in return \$100 worth of personal advertising. And those are the kind of waters they select on which to cast their bread.

Booth's quiet method of doing good is in sharp contrast to the attitude of a certain other tragedian who now and then unobtrusively sends a cheque to some society for no other purpose than that the fact shall be blazoned far and wide in print. I am told that this same actor—who is reputed to be very wealthy—allowed his own brother to become a charge upon a benevolent institution not long ago, permitted it to pay his board at a local hospital and declined to relieve his destitution and distress.

We have no clubs of enthusiastic mountaineers in this country such as overrun Switzerland with their alpenstocks at certain seasons of the year, but Emeline Edwards, of the Parlor Match company, performed a feat the other day that deserves to be chronicled beside the bravest achievements of the climbers of the Alps. While the Evans and Hoey company were waiting for a train to Denver at a station

near the base of Lookout Mountain, Hoey bet another member ten dollars that Miss Edwards could not ascend the mountain in one hour. The lady consented to the trial and accomplished the ascent in forty minutes, returning in thirty-five minutes. Commenting on this feat a local paper observes that it was remarkable, considering the loose, gravelly soil which affords uncertain foothold and the rarified atmosphere found on Lookout's heights. Miss Edwards writes that it was work like mounting the dramatic hill. She adds: "The delicate favorites who take a car or brougham to ride a block in New York, if they should chance this way, had better not attempt it. I speak from the best teacher—experience."

The memory of a famous player who dies is soon obliterated in the rush of life and the new objects of attraction that crowd into the vacant place. How much quicker, then, is the fact forgotten that an actress known to but a limited circle ever existed? Before the name of Laura Don is quite lost to recollection, I wish to give publication to the following poem that she wrote a few years ago, which during the actress' lifetime was never printed and which is now sent to me from California by a sister-professional who was her staunch friend, Henrie Bascom:

MY LOVER'S BARK.
I lean from my window, looking down
On stony arches and turbid tide.
The lights stream in the dusky town,
And the wake of oars where boatmen glide,
Far, far beyond the harbor's mouth;
To the beacon light like a lurid star,
Where the winds blow hot from the purple south,
And the foam-caps leap at the sandy bar.

Oh! ship at anchor! Oh! bargeman bold!
Oh! river, rolling to meet the sea!
My heart within me is faint and cold;
I pray you, I pray you give ear to me.
Oh, tell me where my lover's bark?
Is it where or wrecked by Indian gales?
Or some far sea in the nameless dark,
Does a white moon rise o'er its tattered sails?

Some more she will come to the harbor's mouth,
With the muck of the East in her dusky hold;
I shall see her masts in the purple south,
I shall hear the songs of her sailors bold;
I shall hear her cordage rattle and strain,
I shall lean me forth with joyous tears
Look on the bark of my love again—
The first of all at the crowded piers.

And what will she bring from that far land?
What Indian jewel, or pearl of price?
What diamond, sifted through burning sand?
What bloom from jungle or field of rice?
Ah! me! Ah! me! I shall find once more
In the priceless treasures that crowd that ship,
The old red gold that my hair once wore
Or the old red of my faded lip!

Barrett announced The Wonder for last Thursday night, and when Mrs. Centlivre's bright comedy was finished the audience went away wondering why it was so called. They could easily be pardoned for not being aware that the piece's full title is The Wonder: A Woman Keeps a Secret, but Barrett's abbreviation of the explanatory name is not so easily forgiven. The Wonder simply means nothing, and has no comprehensible application to the plot. Why Barrett has made this senseless alteration is beyond the ken of ordinary, everyday mortals.

But three of the many comedies written by Mrs. Centlivre have survived, and we have been treated to two of them this season—The Busybody and the recent revival at the Star. This prolific woman had a romantic career. She lived in the day of Steele, Rowe and Farquhar, all of whom were at divers times her protectors. She married a nobleman's nephew when she was sixteen, and he died within a year. Indeed, none of her several husbands lived long as such. The second was an army officer, who eighteen months after the wedding fell in a duel. Probably had she remained a wife she wouldn't have taken to play-writing as she did in order to support herself. She acted, too, and when at the age of forty she went to Windsor to play before Queen Anne her ripe charms captivated her Majesty's chef, Joseph Centlivre, and they were married. The culinary art ranked higher and the dramatic art lower than at present; else the royal cook and the royal actress could not have remained the pet of society and the privileged companion of poets and statesmen.

Frederick Paulding has been obliged to temporarily relinquish his post as leading man in the Mather company on account of illness, the effect of a violent fall. He is not suffering from any constitutional or chronic disease, and he will be able to resume acting before long. In the last act of Romeo and Juliet, Paulding was in the habit of taking a "back fall" on the steps leading to the tomb. Gradually the nerves and small ligaments of the spine were bruised and wrenched by this species of histrionic gymnastics, until it got so that he couldn't walk a half-dozen blocks without suffering intense pain. His physician assures him that a three months' course of treatment will fully restore him to health. The young actor says: "I need hardly say that, had I realized the danger of that fall, I should never have continued it; but the mischief was done before the cause of the pain was discovered." When Manager Hill found how necessary it was for his leading man to rest, he released him immediately for the rest of the season, holding the position open, however, so that he could return if able. He has also re-engaged Paulding for next season at an increased salary—a future panacea for present ills. It is fortunate that the injury was discovered before permanent harm was done, for

the stage could ill afford to lose so earnest, gifted and promising an actor as Paulding.

Joseph Haworth was secured by Mr. Hill to take Paulding's place for a few weeks. He supported Miss Mather last week in Providence and the manager relied on him to continue throughout the Boston engagement, which began on Monday. Miles and Barton, however, wouldn't listen to it, peremptorily refusing to allow Haworth to act at the Hub. According to the strict terms of his agreement with them, they had the power to enforce this decision, and so Haworth was regretfully compelled to give up what would have been a lucrative and in all respects a profitable engagement. Why Miles and Barton forbade an arrangement that would have enhanced their star's value when he appears under their direction, neither the actor nor his well-wishers can quite understand. Naturally enough, Haworth feels rather cut-up over the disappointment and out of temper with his future managers.

The Madison Square Tour.

"Engaged is running here to splendid business," said Manager A. M. Palmer to a MIRROR interviewer who dropped in on him at his cosy office in the Madison Square Theatre the other day, "but if anything more is needed we have ready a new play from the French. It is a high-class comedy, and if it is produced here at all will probably close the season. In it there are strong parts for Herbert Kelcey, E. M. Holland, Frederic Robinson, C. P. Flockton, William Davidge, Miss Russell, Miss Harrison and Mrs. Phillips. "The out-of-town season of the company has been pretty well decided on. We close here about May 1, and are then under contract to play a season of four weeks in Boston, seven weeks at McVicker's in Chicago, and eight weeks with Al. Hayman at the Baldwin, San Francisco. That makes nineteen in all. We open the season here again on Oct. 1. I am not yet ready to state what will occupy the house during the Summer."

Emma Abbott's Season.

"This is the best year we have ever known," said Charles H. Pratt, manager of the Emma Abbott Opera company, in an interview with a MIRROR reporter. "The gross receipts are fully thirty-three per cent. over those of last year up to the present time. This is Miss Abbott's ninth season, and we haven't yet seen a place large enough to hold the people that come to see her. It's strange, too, when we hear all about us so many reports of bad business. Our week in Chicago was enormous, and at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, even after all the opera that had been given them, we played the biggest week we ever had. Why, I had so little idea that we would do any business at all that I offered to give Mr. Zimmerman \$500 to pay our losses in the city. Yet we played to over \$11,000 on the week, and the last performance, that of Il Trovatore, with an off cast, netted us \$1,600. Travolta did the best business of any of the operas, although we did Norma to a big business. The Mikado was the only new production. Contrary to all our expectations, though, the old operas, those that one would have thought the public snuffed with, went the best, and whenever any of them were put on the receipts jumped up. It shows how little we all know of the theatrical business. We'd put up new operas only to have to go right back to the old. Last week we opened the new Allentown (Pa.) Music Hall."

"Will the company come to New York this season?"

"No, we cannot. It had been our intention to play the week of March 8 at the Star Theatre, as Miss Abbott has not sung here for three years, her last appearance being at the Grand Opera House; but we find we cannot get rid of our contracts, and exorbitant terms are demanded at those places where we have contracted to appear. It was our intention to put on The Bohemian Girl there in great style, but we will have to give up all our plans looking to that end for this season. Miss Abbott is in splendid health, and after the close of the season, on May 28, will probably go on her annual trip to Europe. Next season's tour will begin on Sept. 1, but the first six weeks are still unfilled. With this exception our time is filled up to Jan. 1, 1887. We shall add a number of new artists to the company next season, and it is Miss Abbott's intention to revive Paul and Virginia on a grand scale."

Central Park to be Revived.

Now that Lester Wallack has returned to the boards of his theatre, it is evidently his intention to play more frequently, for he will be seen in both of the two new plays to follow Valerie. Home, which is one of the best of T. W. Robertson's comedies, is to be produced in two or three weeks, and Mr. Wallack will be a feature as Col. White. Rehearsals are now going on. Following this is to be produced Mr. Wallack's own play, Central Park; or, The House with Two Doors, which will probably wind up the season, which closes May 1, when McCaull's Opera company takes possession of the house with Don Caesar de Bazan.

Central Park was produced for the first time at Wallack's old Theatre, now the Star, on Nov. 12, 1862, and proved a success. Mr. Wallack appearing in the light comedy part of Wyndham Otis. One of the scenes represented the lake in Central Park in Winter, and on this the first professional roller skater, a man named Jackson, made his first appearance. He created a furore, and on the strength of his success travelled all over the United States and Europe, coining money. After its first production the play was several times altered, and reproduced with much success, among the changes made being the representation of the lake in Summer instead of in Winter. It is in the former condition that the lake will be seen in the forthcoming production. It had been the intention of the management to close the career of the old Wallack's under that name with the presentation of Mr. Wallack's play,

but the success of The World prevented it. Following the season at Wallack's the company will play a season of four weeks, with the repertoire of the house, at the Grand Opera House, Niblo's Garden and in Brooklyn.

The Cuban Guaracheros.

This lively troupe of male and female dancers, singers and instrumentalists will shortly arrive in this country, consigned to the care of Richard Fitzgerald. Their entertainment is most unique, and they command a high price. The dancing of the Papote will create a sensation. It represents kite-flying, which at a certain season of the year is a favorite amusement in Cuba, and in which all classes indulge. A male dancer is the kite-flyer and a female the kite. It is a dreamy, sensuous dance. Miss Lomas, the "kite," has hitherto refused to visit the States, but has at last prevailed upon to make the trip. Thirteen people comprise the troupe. Their native costumes will be a novelty. The peculiar music of the dances cannot be played by musicians here, and so a small orchestra is included in the troupe. The singers are all of the best of their class in Cuba, and they will render native songs.

All Americans who have seen and heard the Guaracheros in Havana pronounce them a wonderful troupe. The males are a handsome lot of fellows. It is proposed to have the troupe open here about the middle of April and remain a month.

The Actors' Fund.

Last Thursday the Executive Committee favorably considered four applications for relief. Six applications will be considered today (Thursday). There are now twenty-one persons on the relief list, distributed as follows: New York City, 9; Brooklyn, 2; Philadelphia, 2; Baltimore, 2; Boston, 2; Cincinnati, 1; Albany, 1; Jersey City, 2; New Bedford, Mass., 1. Four of these are in hospital. Paid out in relief last week, \$102. One funeral—Master Barney's. Paid out in relief during the month of February, \$800.25. Fund totals, \$165.50.

New members and annual dues paid in: William Lloyd, Mollie Bernard, Captain John W. Townsend, Charles N. Richards, Fenwick Armstrong, George Lascelles, Mrs. Harriet Saphore, Harry C. Clemens, Lee Ottolengui, J. W. Atherton, P. Hopkins, A. McCabe, A. Simpson, C. A. Pearall, G. Solder, F. A. Wallace, G. H. Walters, J. All, C. H. Thompson, Katherine Rogers, James J. Tighe, Headie Vernon, J. S. Berger, Edmund E. Price, C. L. Woglom, John Fox, Charles Deane, William Sullivan, James Garbett, Thomas Turner, Augustus Neville, William H. Lewis, Minnie Dupres, King Hedley, Charles D. Thane, Harry D. Grahame, Arthur Leckey, Charles Manley, Richard Fitzgerald, Alfred H. Hindley, Richard M. Williams, John P. Hurley and Mark Hallam.

Samuel Colville, Treasurer, acknowledged the following additional subscriptions toward the erection of the Memorial Monument on the Actors' Fund burial lot in Evergreen Cemetery:

Emily Kent.....\$5
Henry Madison.....\$5
T. W. Nelson.....\$5
Madame Fennell.....\$5
W. H. Evans.....\$5
D. W. Williams.....\$5
Oss Brown.....\$5
Nina Leasing.....\$5
Howard Gould.....\$5
John W. Townsend.....\$5

With the amounts already acknowledged this brings the total up to \$951.50.

Woe in Winnipeg.

Members of a company stranded in Winnipeg have reached the city. Last December G. W. Sharpe, manager of the Princess Opera House, Winnipeg, engaged a company for a season of six weeks or longer in that south city of the frozen north. Between Sharpe and W. H. Lytell the company came to grief. The season was to open on or about Jan. 1. The company left for Winnipeg via Montreal, and sleepers and board were promised for the journey. The rest of the story is told by G. Herbert Leonard, one of the duped:

"Mind you, we were not engaged by Lytell; that worthy was kept in the background as to his real connection with the company. He was introduced to us simply as the stage manager. We were to open in The Shaughraun, and rehearsed on the train. When we arrived in Winnipeg there had been no billing. The opening was postponed from Dec. 28 to Dec. 30. And oh, such a performance! Stage and scenery in a tumble down condition. Lytell can certainly manage a stage, but he was handicapped with green help. In our contracts a repertoire of six plays was named. But we were called upon to appear in about eighteen dramas—two ephemerals only for such plays as The World, Michael Strogoff, Lights o' London, Youth, etc. Just before the six weeks closed the following notice was posted in the program: 'Preliminary season will terminate Feb. 6. Those wishing to engage for the season proper will apply to Mr. Sharpe.' This was signed 'W. H. Lytell, stage manager.' I don't think a single member applied. The seventh week opened, and on the second or third night the gas was turned off and the theatre closed."

"It now turned out that Sharpe was irresponsible financially. He paid many of the salaries in checks. I made for the bank as soon as I received mine. Those who were delinquent found their checks dishonored. Soon it dawned upon us that Lytell was Sharpe's silent partner. The shrewd Lytell began to work up a benefit; and well did he work the scheme—for his own benefit. Fourteen people were to share *pro rata*. Having refused to remain longer than six weeks, I was waiting to return to New York. Fare back was refused me on a technicality. But Lytell prevailed upon me to take a part in the benefit performance. I objected to the *pro rata* share, believing that all should be equally benefited. The benefit took place on Feb. 19, with Jessie Brown and The Guv'nor as the bill. Now for an incident illustrating Lytell's methods: Dur-

ing the benefit a hat was passed among the audience and a collection taken. The amount was taken behind the scenes. He directed that it be taken to the Guv'nor's house, be tied up in a bag, and placed on the stage during the second act of The Guv'nor. This was done, and Lytell picked up the bag, remarking: 'This will do for the children.' During my stage career I have never looked upon a more disgraceful act."

"This man Lytell said that a committee composed of city officials and other reputable citizens would look after the benefit and see that all got their share. His particular friend was a certain newspaper man. Before the benefit performance closed the committee dwindled to this one man. Members of the company counted the receipts the next morning; they amounted to \$350.75. I offered to give my share to the power members if other of the principals would do the same. A division was to take place at 2 p. m. The committee that had dwindled to one postponed the meeting to four o'clock. We again assembled, but the committee was not there. We went to him at his house, and he informed us that he held himself responsible only to Lytell, although he had promised not to give the money to him. Nevertheless he turned it over to him. Lytell coolly said he would pay railroad fares for such members as would consent to go on tour with him. Not one cent would he give up, and he was very profane and defiant in saying so. Many members were pensioned, but not five got away. Two of the latter were a married couple, and they were accompanied by a child. Lytell is known to have sold tickets on his own behalf; but his sales may have been exaggerated; so it is not known how much he pocketed by his shabby means. The Winnipeg season was a tough struggle. Your space would not admit of all the details. I can only say that there has been a good deal of woe in Winnipeg this Winter."

Professional Delays.

—Will Lockhart is playing Richard in New Boston.

—Genevieve Ward will open in San Francisco on March 27.

—Theodore Witz has resigned as business manager of Rose Levere and is at New York.

—Rose Keston, at the close of the Broadway season, will organize a company for a tour of the Northwest.

—John Kean, Buffalo Bill's Doublet, recently broke his arm, and now just finished his past with his arm in a sling.

—Dan Frohman has declined to give the season of May Blossom a second tour, until the next part of May.

—Last week J. J. Marshall, business manager of the Chicago Opera House, died.

—Owing to sickness from the Chicago Opera House in this city from Jan. 1 to 15.

—It is likely that the Chicago Opera House will be closed for a week or more, owing to a complaint in the company.

—Marie Fremont presented a lecture, "Among the Stars," at the principal cities during the winter.

—Frank L. Young, business manager of the Yonkers Opera House, is the star, and Marie Fremont is the attraction of four cities.

—William W. Smith, business manager of the Yonkers Opera House, is the star, and Marie Fremont is the attraction of four cities.

—L. B. Pinn, agent for the Yonkers Opera House, is the star, and Marie Fremont is the attraction of four cities.

—Brooklyn Opera House, under the management of the Yonkers Opera House, is the star, and Marie Fremont is the attraction of four cities.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR

C. M. WARD: St. Louis, Mo., 4; Portland, 5; 6; 7; 8; 9; 10; 11; 12; 13; 14; 15; 16; 17; 18; 19; 20; 21; 22; 23; 24; 25; 26; 27; 28; 29; 30; 31; 32; 33; 34; 35; 36; 37; 38; 39; 40; 41; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46; 47; 48; 49; 50; 51; 52; 53; 54; 55; 56; 57; 58; 59; 60; 61; 62; 63; 64; 65; 66; 67; 68; 69; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77; 78; 79; 80; 81; 82; 83; 84; 85; 86; 87; 88; 89; 90; 91; 92; 93; 94; 95; 96; 97; 98; 99; 100; 101; 102; 103; 104; 105; 106; 107; 108; 109; 110; 111; 112; 113; 114; 115; 116; 117; 118; 119; 120; 121; 122; 123; 124; 125; 126; 127; 128; 129; 130; 131; 132; 133; 134; 135; 136; 137; 138; 139; 140; 141; 142; 143; 144; 145; 146; 147; 148; 149; 150; 151; 152; 153; 154; 155; 156; 157; 158; 159; 160; 161; 162; 163; 164; 165; 166; 167; 168; 169; 170; 171; 172; 173; 174; 175; 176; 177; 178; 179; 180; 181; 182; 183; 184; 185; 186; 187; 188; 189; 190; 191; 192; 193; 194; 195; 196; 197; 198; 199; 200; 201; 202; 203; 204; 205; 206; 207; 208; 209; 210; 211; 212; 213; 214; 215; 216; 217; 218; 219; 220; 221; 222; 223; 224; 225; 226; 227; 228; 229; 230; 231; 232; 233; 234; 235; 236; 237; 238; 239; 240; 241; 242; 243; 244; 245; 246; 247; 248; 249; 250; 251; 252; 253; 254; 255; 256; 257; 258; 259; 260; 261; 262; 263; 264; 265; 266; 267; 268; 269; 270; 271; 272; 273; 274; 275; 276; 277; 278; 279; 280; 281; 282; 283; 284; 285; 286; 287; 288; 289; 290; 291; 292; 293; 294; 295; 296; 297; 298; 299; 300; 301; 302; 303; 304; 305; 306; 307; 308; 309; 310; 311; 312; 313; 314; 315; 316; 317; 318; 319; 320; 321; 322; 323; 324; 325; 326; 327; 328; 329; 330; 331; 332; 333; 334; 335; 336; 337; 338; 339; 340; 341; 342; 343; 344; 345; 346; 347; 348; 349; 350; 351; 352; 353; 354; 355; 356; 357; 358; 359; 360; 361; 362; 363; 364; 365; 366; 367; 368; 369; 370; 371; 372; 373; 374; 375; 376; 377; 378; 379; 380; 381; 382; 383; 384; 385; 386; 387; 388; 389; 390; 391; 392; 393; 394; 395; 396; 397; 398; 399; 400; 401; 402; 403; 404; 405; 406; 407; 408; 409; 410; 411; 412; 413; 414; 415; 416; 417; 418; 419; 420; 421; 422; 423; 424; 425; 426; 427; 428; 429; 430; 431; 432; 433; 434; 435; 436; 437; 438; 439; 440; 441; 442; 443; 444; 445; 446; 447; 448; 449; 450; 451; 452; 453; 454; 455; 456; 457; 458; 459; 460; 461; 462; 463; 464; 465; 466; 467; 468; 469; 470; 471; 472; 473; 474; 475; 476; 477; 478; 479; 480; 481; 482; 483; 484; 485; 486; 487; 488; 489; 490; 491; 492; 493; 494; 495; 496; 497; 498; 499; 500; 501; 502; 503; 504; 505; 506; 507; 508; 509; 510; 511; 512; 513; 514; 515; 516; 517; 518; 519; 520; 521; 522; 523; 524; 525; 526; 527; 528; 529; 530; 531; 532; 533; 534; 535; 536; 537; 538; 539; 540; 541; 542; 543; 544; 545; 546; 547; 548; 549; 550; 551; 552; 553; 554; 555; 556; 557; 558; 559; 560; 561; 562; 563; 564; 565; 566; 567; 568; 569; 570; 571; 572; 573; 574; 575; 576; 577; 578; 579; 580; 581; 582; 583; 584; 585; 586; 587; 588; 589; 590; 591; 592; 593; 594; 595; 596; 597; 598; 599; 600; 601; 602; 603; 604; 605; 606; 607; 608; 609; 610; 611; 612; 613; 614; 615; 616; 617; 618; 619; 620; 621; 622; 623; 624; 625; 626; 627; 628; 629; 630; 631; 632; 633; 634; 635; 636; 637; 638; 639; 640; 641; 642; 643; 644; 645; 646; 647; 648; 649; 650; 651; 652; 653; 654; 655; 656; 657; 658; 659; 660; 661; 662; 663; 664; 665; 666; 667; 668; 669; 670; 671; 672; 673; 674; 675; 676; 677; 678; 679; 680; 681; 682; 683; 684; 685; 686; 687; 688; 689; 690; 691; 692; 693; 694; 695; 696; 697; 698; 699; 700; 701; 702; 703; 704; 705; 706; 707; 708; 709; 710; 711; 712; 713; 714; 715; 716; 717; 718; 719; 720; 721; 722; 723; 724; 725; 726; 727; 728; 729; 730; 731; 732; 733; 734; 735; 736; 737; 738; 739; 740; 741; 742; 743; 744; 745; 746; 747; 748; 749; 750; 751; 752; 753; 754; 755; 756; 757; 758; 759; 760; 761; 762; 763; 764; 765; 766; 767; 768; 769; 770; 771; 772; 773; 774; 775; 776; 777; 778; 779; 780; 781; 782; 783; 784; 785; 786; 787; 788; 789; 790; 791; 792; 793; 794; 795; 796; 797; 798; 799; 800; 801; 802; 803; 804; 805; 806; 807; 808; 809; 810; 811; 812; 813; 814; 815; 816; 817; 818; 819; 820; 821; 822; 823; 824; 825; 826; 827; 828; 829; 830; 831; 832; 833; 834; 835; 836; 837; 838; 839; 8

ADRIEN MARKHAM: Seneca Falls, N. Y., 6; Rochester, 8, week; Albany, 15, week; Montreal, 22, week.
 ROSINA VOKES: Toronto, 1 week; Chicago, 15, week; Philadelphia, 22, week.
 ROSE LEVERNE: Akron, O., 15; Van Wert, 16; Zanesville, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, week; Cleveland, 22, week.
 L. L. DOWNING: Washington, D. C., 1; Cumberland, Md., 15; Hagerstown, 16; Williamsport, 17; Richmond, Va., 18, 19, 20; Baltimore, 22, week.
 RILEY'S COMEDY CO.: La Fayette, Ind., 4, 5, 6.
 ROBERT KEDD: Chicago, March 1, week; Sandusky, O., 13.
 ROBSON AND CRANE: Minneapolis, 1, week; St. Paul, 8, week; Milwaukee, 15, week; Detroit, 22, week.
 ROSS, J. J.: Columbus, 4; Montgomery, Ala., 5; New Orleans, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, week; St. Louis, 22, week.
 RENTFROW'S PATHFINDERS: Charleston, Ia., 4; Albion, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, week; Marshalltown, 11; Des Moines, 12, 13.
 RHEA: New Orleans, March 1, two weeks; Hot Springs, Ark., 16.
 RAJAN: Montreal, March 1, week; Watertown, N. Y., 8; Cohoes, 10; Brooklyn, 15, week; Harlem, 22, week.
 ROMANY RYE CO.: New York, March 1, week; Brooklyn, 8, week; Jersey City, 15, 16, 17; Paterson, N. J., 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, week.
 ROY, J. C. BABY CO.: Indianapolis, March 1, week; Springfield, O., 8, 9; Worcester, Mass., 19, 20; Middletown, Ct., 21.
 RAG BARY CO. (Western): New York, March 1, week; Brooklyn, 8, week; Brookline, E. D., 15, week; Newark, N. J., 22, week.
 RAG BARY CO. (Eastern-Southern): Bloomington, Ill., 4; Peoria, 5, 6; Grand Rapids, Mich., 19, 21.
 ST. SMITH RUSSELL: Pottsville, Pa., 9; Pittston, 11.
 SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY: Milwaukee, March 8, 9, 10; Springfield, Ill., 11, 12, 13; St. Joseph, Mo., 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, week; St. Louis, 22, week.
 SALT AND PEPPER: St. Joseph, Mo., 15; Topeka, Kan., 8; Leavenworth, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, week; Peoria, Ill., 13; Evansville, Ind., 15, Terri Haute, Ind., 16; Indianapolis, 17; Louisville, 19, 20; Cincinnati, 21.
 STAFFORD-FOSTER: Halifax, N. S., March 1, week.
 STRANGERS OF PARIS: Baltimore, March 1, week.
 SKATING RINK CO. (Nat Goodwins): Buffalo, 1, week.
 SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON: North Platte, Neb., 1, week; St. Louis, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Denver, 8, week; San Francisco, 22, two weeks.
 SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON (Fowler and Warrington's Co.): Pullman, Ill., 4; Niles, Mich., 5; Andover, 6; Warren, 8; Lockport, 9; Hamilton, 10; Detroit, 12; Brockville, 13; Ottawa, 16; Ogdenburg, 17.
 STORM-BEATON CO.: Kansas City, 5; Topeka, 8; Leavenworth, 9; St. Joe, Mo., 10; Burlington, 11, 12; Peoria, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, week.
 SWITZER COMEDY CO.: Fall River, Ill., 1, week.
 STANDARD DRAMATIC CO.: Jamestown, N. Y., 1, week.
 STREETS OF NEW YORK CO.: Rochester, N. Y., 1, week; Troy, 8, week; Montreal, 15, week; Bellevue, 22, week; Hartford, 29, week.
 SILVER SPUR CO.: Pittsburg, 1, week; Cleveland, 8, week; Chicago, 15, week; Fort Wayne, Ind., 22, week; Indianapolis, 29, week.
 TWO NEW IDEAS: Washington, 1, week; Louisville, 8, week; Indianapolis, 29, week.
 TIN SOLDIER CO.: Kenton, O., 4; Lima, 5; Columbus, 6; Cleveland, 8, week; Buffalo, 15, week; Philadelphia, 22, week; Baltimore, 29, week.
 T. J. JOHN: Chicago, 1, week; Pittston, Pa., 20.
 TAVERNIER CO.: Monroe, Mich., 1, two weeks; Toledo, O., 15, week; Chatham, Ont., 22, two weeks.
 ULLIE AKERHOLM: Norwalk, Ct., 1, week; New Britain, 8, week; South Manchester, 15, 16, 17; Westfield, Mass., 18, 19, 20.
 W. J. SCANLAN: Fort Worth, Tex., 4; Dallas, 5, 6; Hot Springs, Ark., 8; Little Rock, 9; Helena, 10; Memphis, 11, 12, 13.
 W. J. RANDY RANDY KING CO.: Philadelphia, 1, week; Richmond, Va., 8, 9, 10; Petersburg, 11; Norfolk, 12, 13; Baltimore, 15, week; Wilmington, Del., 22, 23; Paterson, N. J., 24, 25; Bridgeport, Ct., 26; Norwalk, 27.
 WAGES OF SIN CO.: New Orleans, March 1, week; Victoria, Miss. 8, 9; Meridian, 10; Mobile, Ala., 11, 12; Pensacola, Fla., 13; Selma, 15; Atlanta, Ga., 16, 17; Savannah, 18; Augusta, 19, 20; Jacksonville, Fla., 20, 21; St. Paul, Ga., 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, week.
 WILLIAMS SHAUGHRAUN: Brooklyn, 1, week.
 WAITE COMEDY CO.: York, Pa., 1, week; Gettysburg, 8, 9, 10; Harris, 11, 12, 13; Columbia, 15, week.
 WIFE OF HORATIO: St. Louis, 1, week.
 WILSON HENDRY CO.: Chicago, 1, week.
 WALLACE'S SPECIAL CO.: Chicago, 1, week.
 WODISKA CO.: Van Wert, O., 1, week.
 WRINKLES: Washington, 1, week.
 YOUNG MRS. WHITNEY CO.: Fall River, Mass., 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, week; Detroit, 8, 9, 10, 11; Kansas-
 20, 21, 22, 23; Toledo, O., 15, 16; Sandusky, 17, 18; Akron, 19, 20; Cleveland, 22, 23, 24; Springfield, 25, 26; Dayton, 29, 30, 31.

OPERA AND CONCERT COMPANIES.

AMERICAN OPERA: Columbus, 4; Springfield, 15; Indianapolis, 6, 7, 8; Richmond, April 1.
 BENNETT AND MOULTON'S CO.: La Fayette, Ind., 1, week; Evansville, 8, week; Danville, 15, week; Vineland, N. J., 22, week.
 BENNETT AND MOULTON'S CO.: St. Salem, Mass., 1, week; Lowell, 8, week.
 BELLE COLE: Newburg, N. Y., 10.
 BELL COLE: New York, 1, week; Chicago, 8, week.
 CARLETON OPERA CO.: Pittsburg, 1, week; Baltimore, 8, week.
 CORINNE MERREMAKERS: Troy, 1, week; Montreal, 8, week.
 DUFE: Mikado Co.: Chicago, 1, week; Louisville, 8, week.
 EMMA ABBOTT OPERA CO.: Brooklyn, 1, week; New Haven, 8, 9; Washington, 15, week.
 FORD OPERA CO.: New York, 1, week; Chicago, 5, 6; Washington, 8; Norfolk, Va., 9; Richmond, 10; Baltimore, 12, 13.
 FORD'S OPERA CO.: Baltimore, 1, week.
 GILBERT OPERA CO.: Hinsdale, N. H., 4; Greenfield, 5; Merrimack, 6; Stratford, Vt., 6; Keene, N. H., 8.
 HUNGARIAN GYPSY BAND: Newburyport, Mass., 8.
 JUDIC: New York, 1, 2, 6; Baltimore, 8, 9, 10; Washington, 11, 12, 13; Philadelphia, 15, week.
 KYLE OPERA CO.: New York, 1, 2, 4, 5.
 LITTLE TROUPE: Philadelphia, 8, indefinite.
 LELAND OPERA CO.: Wellsville, O., 4.
 LIDIA THOMPSON: Boston, 1, week.
 MCCALL'S OPERA CO.: New York, 1, week; Fort Wayne, Ind., 1, week; Toledo, 9; Rochester, N. Y., 10; Syracuse, 11; Albany, 19.
 MCCALL'S MIKADO CO.: Philadelphia, 1, two weeks.
 MAPLESON OPERA CO.: St. Louis, 1, week.
 MONTGOMERY OPERA CO.: Philadelphia, 1, week; Lawrence, 8; Ottawa, 6; Olathe, 8; Paola, 9; Kansas City, 10; Marshall, Mo., 11; Mexico, 12; St. Charles, 13; Louisiana, 17; Fulton, 16; Columbia, 17; Moberly, Mo., 18.
 MICHIGAN TYPICAL ORCHESTRA: San Francisco, 1, week.
 NORMAN OPERA CO.: Springfield, O., 4; Dayton, 6; St. Louis, 8, week; Cincinnati, 15, week.
 NORMAN IDEAL OPERA CO.: Paterson, N. J., 1, two weeks.
 PATTEN MIKADO CO.: Cincinnati, March 1, week; Indianapolis, Ind., 8, week; Peoria, Ill., 15.
 STARR'S OPERA CO.: Detroit, Mich., March 1, week; Jackson, 8, week; Muskegon, 15, week; Grand Rapids, 22, week.
 STETSON'S MIKADO CO.: Toronto, 1, week.
 STYMER'S BELL-RINGERS: Little Rock, Ark., 15, week.
 STYMER'S MIKADO CO. No. 2: Rochester, 4, 5, 6.
 THOMPSON OPERA CO.: San Francisco, Feb. 25, indefinite.
 TEMPLETON'S MIKADO CO.: New York, 1, week; Harlem, 8, week; New York, 15, two weeks.
 WILBUR OPERA CO.: St. Louis, 1, week; Pittsburg, 8, week; Cleveland, 15, week; Buffalo, 22, week.

MINSTREL COMPANIES.

BIDWELL'S: Fort Scott, Kan., 9.
 CONSTANCE AND EGGLESTON: Cortland, N. Y., 4; Ithaca, 5.
 HI HENRY'S: Lewiston, Me., 4; Saco, 5; Dover, N. H., 6; Farmington, 8; South Berwick, 9, 10; Kennebunk, 10; Great Falls, N. H., 11.
 HAVELY'S: New York, 1, 2, 4; New Haven, Ct., 5; New Bedford, 6; Danbury, 7; Waterbury, 9; Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 10; Newburg, 11; Paterson, N. J., 13; New-
 ark, 15, 16, 17; Troy, 18; Albany, 19, 20; Boston, 22, week.
 LESTER AND LILLIS: 15, week.
 LESTER AND ALLEN'S: Troy, March 1, Philadelphia, 8, week.
 MCNEIN, JOHNSON AND SLAVIN'S: Salt Lake City, 2, 3, 4, 5; San Francisco, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, week.
 T. P. W. Worcester, Mass., 6; Providence, R. I., 8, 9; Brockton, Mass., 11; Fall River, 12; New Britain, Ct., 15.
 WORLD'S MINSTRELS: Harlem, 1, week.

VARIETY COMPANIES.

ADRIEN BROTHERS' CO.: Circleville, O., 4, 5, 6.
 AMERICAN FORT: Hartford, Ct., 1, week.
 AUSTRALIAN NOVELTY CO.: Buffalo, March 1, week; Albany, 8

HOWARD ATTENTION Co.: Baltimore, 8, week; Philadelphia, 13, week.

IDA SIDDIQS BURLINGHOE Co.: Harrisburg, Pa., 4, week; Philadelphia, 13, week.

IDA SIDDIQS Co.: Albion, 2; N. Y. City, 8, week.

IDA SIDDIQS Co.: Albany, 1, week; Ashland, 3, week.

KEENE Co.: Philadelphia, 1, week.

KELLY'S COMEDY Co.: Brooklyn, 1, week.

LE CLAIR AND RUSSELL: Chicago, 1, week.

LEWIS'S COMEDY Co.: Philadelphia, 1, week.

LITTLE NUOGOT Co.: Silver City, N. M., 3; Domingue, 8; Albuquerque, 8, 9; Santa Fe, 10, 11; Las Vegas, 13, 14; Idaho, 13; Trinidad, Col., 16, 17; Pueblo, 18, 19; Colorado Springs, 20; Denver, 21, week; Louisville, 22, week.

LEONZO BROS.: Toronto, 1, week; Pittsburgh, 8, week.

Louisville, 13, week; Washington, 22, week; Norfolk, Va., 28, week.

MACE-VIVIAN Co.: Canandaigua, N. Y., 4; Port Byron, 11; Lyons, 6; Palmyra, 8; Newark, 21; Brockport, 10; Albion, 11; Medina, 13; Lockport, 13; Tonawanda, 15; Hamburg, 16; Le Roy, 17.

MAY ADAMS AND GOS HILL: Louisville, 1, week; Indianapolis, 8, week; St. Louis, 15, week; Chicago, 22, week.

MIACI'S HUMPTY DUMPTY: Norfolk, Va., 1, week; Fort Reno, 8, 9; Hampton, 13, 14, 15; Lynchburg, 13, 14; Reading, Pa., 18, 19, 20, week.

PAT COONEY: Baltimore, 1, week; Philadelphia, 8, week.

RILEY AND FREY: Memphis, Tenn., 1, week.

RENTS-SANTLEY Co.: Brooklyn, 1, week; Newark, N. J., 1, week.

REILEY AND WOOD'S Co.: Brooklyn, 1, week; N. Y. City, 8, week; Boston, 13, week; Baltimore, 22, week; N. Y. City, 23, week.

SEYMOUR'S Co.: Trenton, N. J., 5, 6.

SHELOW Co.: Columbus, O., 1, week; Cincinnati, 1, week; Louisville, 15, week.

SAPP AND YALE'S: Minneapolis, 1, week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BRISTOL'S EQUINE-CURICULUM: Utica, N. Y., 1, week; Binghamton, 8, week; Syracuse, 15, week.

HARRISON'S TOBACCO: Lockport, N. Y., 8.

HOFFMAN'S DISS CIRCUIT: Montgomery, Ala., 1, week.

KILLIAN: Boston, 22, week.

MRS. TOM THUMR: Binghamton, N. Y., 4, 5, 6; Cortland, 8, week.

PROFESSOR GEORGE BARTHOLOMEW'S EQUINE PARADE: Des Moines, March 1, week; Burlington, 8, week.

PROF. REVOLVER: Cincinnati, 1, week; Cincinnati, 1, week; Belvedere, Ill., 8, week.

PROFESSOR CROCKER'S EQUINE: Jackson, Mich., March 1, week.

STELLAKER'S MAJESTIC: Buffalo, 2, week.

TONY DENTON: Montgomery, Ala., 6; Mobile, 5, 6; Meridian, Miss., 8; Aberdeen, 9; Corinth, 10; Chattanooga, Tenn., 11; Nashville, 19, 21; Clarksville, 19; Carroll, 19, 20; Evansville, Ind., 17; Vincennes, 18; Terre Haute, 20.

London Gossip.

LONDON, Feb. 13.

The friends of Harriet Jay, the well-known novelist and actress, assembled in large numbers on Wednesday at the Opera Comique on the Strand to see the lady in the classic role of Sappho, at one of the morning performances to be given in the "sweet name of charity." The object was a most worthy one—namely, to increase the funds of the "hospital for sick children" in Great Ormond street, Bloomsbury. Thus set forth the bills. By the way, who ever heard of a hospital for well children?

The Opera Comique is not the very luckiest theatrical house in all London, as our own delightful Lotta found to her cost. However, Miss Eweretta Lawrence seems to be pulling up London patronage by her production of *On Chango* at the Comique.

Sappho in its present dress is "a lyric romance," the poem and lyrics by Henry Lobb, the music by Walter Slaughter. This theme has furnished material for divers and sundry writers, and as the period when Sappho was supposed to have lived is about 600 years before the Christian era, there is a broad scope for the imagination of the writer, and no one can contradict his work, as the legendary lore concerning this erotic Greek poetess is of a dim and shadowy character. Messrs. Lobb and Slaughter's work lasts less than an hour and is preceded by a one-act play. The scene of Sappho is "a Temple on the Leucadian Rock," dresses "ancient Greek," character six in number with a chorus, which in this instance consists of the "Sappho choir of ladies."

The concluding tableau is a reproduction of Alma Tadema's noted picture Sappho, familiar to all lovers of London pictures, hence in itself alone not wholly uninteresting. The play was partly dramatic, partly musical. The latter was embodied in a somewhat unique sort of opera dealing with the traditional fate of Sappho. There is little in the treatment of the story that is effective from a dramatic standpoint, and the music is too sparingly introduced to enable one to judge other than that it is rather agreeable, though lacking in scope. The most absorbing part of the whole performance is that Sappho is given nothing to sing. Many of Miss Jay's friends went to see her expecting she would sing, but in this they were doomed to disappointment, as the fair actress did not utter a single note, although she had plenty to say to the orchestral accompaniment which was not even designed to be given in a sing-song recitative. Sappho is pictured as a sort of strong-minded female lecturer, and she holds forth to her girl associates on "love," while exhorting them to make themselves the conquerors rather than the slaves of men. In short, she advises her friends "to pull the wool" over the eyes of the "lords of creation," a habit which fair women, truth to say, takes to naturally.

Miss Jay was very earnest throughout, but candor compels us to say that she had best leave Greek dramas alone and confine herself to melodrama, in which field of work she shows marvellous ability. Anything better in its way than her Annie Meadows in her own drama *Alone* in London it certainly would be hard to find. To criticise her playing, when it was done for a very admirable charity, would be unfair perhaps, only that there is a rumour afloat that Miss Jay has an idea of adding Sappho to her repertoire during the coming provincial tour. This may only be idle gossip, but if it is a true report, we beg of Miss Jay "don't do it." To deny this lady extraordinary gifts is unjust. She is a brilliant writer of a versatile range of pen, and she is an excellent actress in certain lines of work; but as the Greek poetess, Sappho, she neither looks nor acts the part. Indeed, would seem that she scarcely conceives it in her mind. The lines are full of poetry, yet Miss Jay delivers them mechanically. The fact can only be accounted for on the supposition that the orchestral accompaniment did

tracted her powers of elocution, for no one who has read her "Queen of Connaught" can doubt that this lady has a soul entirely apt for the appreciation of poetry; for the whole book is a weird poem of the Emerald Isle. Miss Jay is a tall, fine English woman, with a robust, healthy, almost blooming appearance. Yet with all these physical advantages—good looks, their way and use for a good general stage appearance—the still is not Grecian in figure, although her face has much that is purely classic. Her bonnie arms, her solid head, her generous proportions are firm and strong and beautiful, but they are not suited to one's idea of the statuesque Greek poetess, the "burnish'd Sappho who sung" in the mystical past. The only meritorious thing that Mary Anderson ever did as an actress was to look the part of Galatea. An old London critic said to your correspondent, when Miss Anderson was doing Galatea at the Lyceum, "Act the part she is not, but she looks a picture, from her close coiffure to the hem of her faultless gown, it is rather difficult to speak unkindly of her, which so fully pleases the eye." This was the real secret of Miss Anderson's London popularity. True, it is rather degrading to try art to consider personal appearance as a secondary to ability, but until man and woman are different of mold from those of the nineteenth century we have to take the worst pretty much as we find it, and we find looks a large factor. Miss Jay's gown was not great, and, though classic, was of such severity of tone and fell in such exact folds, that she would have tried the charms of the most beautiful woman in the world, and have required Venus to have worn it.

The part of Daphne was gracefully done by a Miss Grace Arnold, and her dress was faultless. With the exception of Panna, who did Luna in picturesque pantomime and danced like a fairy, none of the other ladies in the speaking parts demand notice. The choruses were made up of fairly good talent. The male role was Phaoon, of which Mr. C. H. Coffin made all that was possible. This young gentleman is rapidly taking front rank among London baritone singers. He received a very enthusiastic reception, and throughout the play did all that could be done with a most unsatisfactory part.

It must be said, in extenuation of the playing in Sappho, that all the roles are sketchy. It detracts nothing from the artistic merit of Harriet Jay that she is unskilled to enact the class of dramatic work. Actresses who are equal to doing all things well are seldom good in any one thing. Miss Jay does some real great work; let her stick to that. No one could be truly her friend who battered her in any other course. Wholesale exclaiming is deplorable as wholesale condemnation, and criticisms without reasons for them worse than all else. We have endeavored to give reasons for our censure, and, after all, the chief one is that Sappho does not sing. Perhaps sing she may not be Miss Jay's forte.

The opening one-act play was Sydney Grundy's *In Honor Bound*, interpreted excellently by Yorke Stephens, Frank Roden, Maud Merrill and Grace Arnold. Of the four the gentlemen were the more satisfactory. Mr. Stephens was playing a part out of his line. He is a sturdy, artistic delineator of young yeomen, while in the play in question he did a middle-aged baronet of a stilled sort, and of course he did it badly. Mr. Rodney's time will do Philip Graham, but on Wednesday he seemed nervous. The ladies were excellent. Miss Arnold wore a short white lace gown of a length suitable for a child of nine, giving the idea that she had outgrown it, also the style of acting. Her line of comedy is not the modern comedy, but rather the juvenile leading roles in the legitimate and the classical drama. She could do Julie in *Richelieu*, and *Clara* in *The Comedy of Errors*, and still parts.

Speaking of *The Comedy of Errors* naturally suggests London's popular comedian, L. Toole. We wrote you of his recent success at Sandringham before the Prince of Wales and other Royal personages. It is the custom of the Prince to make Mr. Toole handsome present on these occasions. In the instance it took the form of a magnificent silver candelabra, a very beautiful drawing room ornament. Mr. Toole's daughter, the way, is engaged to be married to the son of Justin McCarthy, the novelist, who, by his brilliant father, is an M. P., and is much heard about during these days of Irish legislation in the House.

Presents seem to be floating about in all directions in London. The other evening the ladies and gentlemen of the Emerald chorus, at the Comedy Theatre, presented Violet Melnotte with a diamond brooch, to mark the one-hundredth performance of the play. Rather a substantial New Year's gift, wish, Miss Melnotte doubtless thought.

A. W.

MISS MAUD GANNON. Juvenile.		Address Miss Mrs. Gannon, 10, St. James's Place, London, W.
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TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

(SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.)

POCONO SPRING, March 2.—Louise Pomeroy opened a three nights' engagement Monday to fair business, appearing as Hamlet. Good support, especially from Arthur Elliott.

ROCHESTER, March 3.—Notwithstanding the chilling effects of a genuine northwest blizzard and the excitement of a bitter local political contest, the Academy is crowded at each performance. George C. Boniface and a good company are presenting The Streets of New York at low prices. Grand closed until 4th.

PHILADELPHIA, March 1.—The Academy of Music was filled to overflowing yesterday afternoon, upon the occasion of the benefit tendered by the local theatrical managers in aid of the Irish Parliamentary Fund. Most of the stars and traveling companies now playing here volunteered, and the performance was of great merit. It will net the Fund about \$2,500. At the Walnut Street Theatre Mixed Pickles, which had already been seen at this house earlier in the season, opened last night with every seat taken and the standing-room sign displayed. Edwin Booth opened his season at the Chestnut Street Opera House with a performance of Hamlet. Very large audience. Mr. Booth was called before the curtain at the close of every act, and when the drop fell upon the last scene he was obliged to respond twice to enthusiastic recalls.

PROVIDENCE, March 3.—The Ivy Leaf opened at the Providence Monday evening, for the week before a small audience, notwithstanding the play is produced under the auspices of several Irish societies. The Howard Specialty company, at the Comique, opened before a big house at the matinee.

RICHMOND, Va., March 2.—At the Theatre Milton Nobles in Love and Law drew a very good house.

BOSTON, March 2.—A large audience greeted Margaret Barker in The Hunchback at the Boston Theatre, Modjeska in As You Like It at the Globe, and The Private Secretary at the Park. The Mikado began its seventeenth week at the Hollis Street, and The Jit its fifth at the Museum. Variety at the Howard, Katherine Rogers in Lad Astray at the Windsor, Pinocchio at the World's Museum, and Lydia Thompson at the Bijou. J. W. Randolph is the new assistant manager of the Windsor Theatre.

HARTFORD, Conn., March 2.—In spite of a driving blizzard, Haverly's Minstrels packed Robert's Opera House last evening, giving the best entertainment in minstrelsy seen here this season.

LYNCHBURG, Va., March 2.—Almee played Mamie here last night to a large and well pleased audience.

OTTAWA, Ont., March 2.—A Barber's Soap had a crowded house last night. Piece a hit.

LANCASTER, Pa., March 2.—Return engagement of Lester and Williams' Parlor Match at Reading turned people away. T. M. Lester.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—Gillette's new play, Held by the Enemy, presented at the New National Theatre to-night, made an assured success.

CHICAGO, March 3.—Mary Anderson, at the Columbia, opened in Pygmalion and Galatea; Rosalind Tuesday—houses crowded. Cordial welcome. Star's acting regarded better than formerly, but still cold. Rosalind is artificial. Roland Reed, at Hoolley's; Janish, at the Grand—good. The Mikado, at the Opera House; Pinocchio, at McVicker's—excellent business. Clio, at the Academy; Two Johns, at the Standard—fair.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—The transformation of the old Theatre Comique into a reputable place of amusement was effected on Monday, and good audiences were present afternoon and evening. The old management did not give up without a "kick"—in fact one of them was actually kicked out of the house on Monday night by Business Manager Hammond. Manager Tucker will find it difficult to induce respectable people to attend performances at a place with such a reputation as this has gained during the past two or three years. But as he is evidently in earnest in his effort to build up a clean and cheap place of amusement, it is to be hoped that the people of the profession and the citizens of Washington will lend him their aid. The wife of Harry C. Fiske, treasurer at Alhambra's, died on Sunday night, and the funeral services were held at 3 p. m. yesterday. Mr. Fiske has made many friends since his advent among us, and has the sympathy of all in his sad bereavement.

PITTSBURG, March 3.—The Carleton Opera company opened a week's engagement at Library Hall on Monday evening in Nanon, and made quite a hit. Adelaide Moore made her first appearance at the Opera House in As You Like It, to a very good house. Nobody's Claim, at the Academy, drew a packed house, as also did Ethel Tucker in Queenie at Harris' Museum. Manager Chalet denies that he is after Library Hall. He has enough to do to look after his museum. Manager Parke has a new lease of Library Hall, which he will not abandon unless something better turns up. Henry Ellier is on the sick list. He has a bad case of the goat.

Amateur Notes.

John de Lorme, an original drama, by John de Lorme, Jr., of the Bulwer, was presented by the society at the University Club on Wednesday evening before a large audience. The play is one of which the playwright might feel proud. It is in many parts too verbose

and the comedy element is sadly lacking. It tells an interesting story, and the language is strong and effective. In the title role, Roberto Deshon had a character which fitted his capabilities nicely, and in those parts where he was called upon for strong dramatic work was not lacking in intensity and power. The dramatist put words into his mouth in the mad scene that could just as well have been uttered had the character been in the full possession of his senses. Mr. Deshon was well supported by Thomas Platt as Count Victor de Berto and J. A. Kelly as the Baron de Montano, both of whom deserve praise for their earnest efforts and good acting. Maud E. Peters, as Blanche, was rather lachrymose, although she looked pretty and dressed most becomingly. George Govers, Jr., as Captain Volney, acted well, but he should have made up to look more distinguished. As it was, his acting, and not his appearance, gave force to his words. J. V. Packenham, as Jean, had the only comedy part in the play, and did his best with it; but the words put into his mouth were ridiculous instead of being funny. May Roberts, as Jannette, is much too tall to essay acrobatic parts, although she did well the little she was called upon to do. As Constance, Carrie Sinclair was both bright and pretty. Much interest was felt in the new departure taken by Charles Trier in portraying the character of Madame Loris, it being the first time in the history of amateurs that such a thing had been attempted; but to the credit of Mr. Trier it must be said that he succeeded admirably. The scenery was appropriate, although slightly the worse for continued use. Prior to the performance Eva A. Fenton gave a charming recitation of "The Blacksmith's Story." A reception followed.

Owing to the disagreeable weather but a fair-sized audience greeted the Rivals when, on last Thursday evening, they presented Richard III. at the Academy of Music for the benefit of the Grant Monument Fund. The acting was in the main much better than is usual with the renditions of tragedies by amateurs. Frank Thonger as Richard III. was very good in parts. His make-up was decidedly clever, and the odd walk of the ungainly monarch was neatly given. Yet there was little attempt at elaboration, and the actor seemed in some places to be in a fair way toward allowing others to grasp the honors of the evening. Mr. Thonger is at his best when he is fully conscious that he is acting. When he forgets that, which he does occasionally, his performance becomes tiresome. George T. Pinckney, as Richmond, did well, dividing honors equally with Charles Splidoor as Buckingham and Fred. Schaefer as Catesby. Much credit is due to Mr. Splidoor, who took his part at only five days' notice, and yet played it almost to perfection. The Henry VI. of Harry H. Tilford was good, while words of praise can also be given to J. H. Rosenberg's Stanley and L. S. Hines' Lord Mayor. As the Queen, Jennie Strall looked pretty and acted with power and discretion. Mrs. J. E. Froisher did fairly well as the Duchess of York, and Miss M. E. Stacey was a good Lady Anne. Among the others deserving of commendation were Robert Hildebrandt, Ed. Price, Thomas F. Graham, Charles Hayner, Master Charles King and Little May La Coste. The scenery was that of the Academy, and was consequently fine, while the costumes were neat and appropriate.

On Tuesday evening the Magnet Dramatic League gave a performance of Bayle Bernard's English drama, A Farmer's Story, at the Turn Hall Theatre, to an audience that was both large and well-disposed. For the greater part the performance dragged. S. G. Frost, in the principal character, Stephen Lockwood, lacked force and fire, and his voice could not be heard past the middle of the parquette. He was also guilty of the unpardonable fault—in a stage-manager, which position he held—of not knowing his lines, and his frequent pauses were the cause of considerable nervousness on the part of the other players. Christine McDowell, as Mary Lockwood, deserves much praise for her strong rendition of the part. She is full of dramatic ability, and left nothing to be desired in the impersonation, except a slight error in the second act, where she received the news of her husband's falsity as though it were an everyday occurrence. Charles Mayo, as Sir George Mortlake, did well; but he is another young actor who must learn that an erect carriage on the stage is one of the main essentials to portraying a gentleman in high life. Several character parts, notably those taken by E. Bornstein, A. Youngwitz and R. G. Tompkins, Jr., were well rendered; but the Susan Tippet of Louise Bendit was only good in parts. The other characters were fairly represented by John J. McGee, John T. Sweeney, Henry Siemon and G. Youngwitz. A reception followed.

The auction sale of boxes for the benefit to Dr. R. H. L. Waters, which takes place at the Lexington Avenue Opera House next Tuesday evening, occurred at the Hotel Hungaria on Monday evening. A large number of amateurs were present, and the bidding was brisk. Among those who purchased were: T. J. Burton, Dr. W. Schoonover, G. S. Whitson, Beldon J. Rogers, J. R. Tiers, N. L. Nivers, Charles Nelson, B. Kavanagh, A. S. Odell, C. C. Ellis and C. W. Burroughs. The plays to be given are Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady, with E. S. Keene, Sol Frost, George Jacobus, M. C. Sheehan, Fanny Friedman, Jessie Villiers and Harriet Lawson in the cast; a scene from The Mikado, introducing Hannah M. O'Keefe, G. C. Pearce, Charles Hetzel and Mrs. Henrietta Griggs; two acts of London Assurance, in which Harry Gardner, Adam Dove, Thomas Ellison, Webster White, Frank Thonger, Henri Lee, G. M. Hart, Hattie Nefflin, Mrs. M. E. Butler and Lulu Carleton will appear, and two acts of The Merchant of Venice, in which will be seen Capt. Gordon Emmons, B. R. Throckmorton, John Hatfield, John C. Costello, Charles Splidoor, Colonel G. M. Dusenberry, G. W. Rice, Thomas Platt, Helen Sweeney and Fanny Adams. There will also be several vocal numbers by the New York Maennerchor Society. From present appearances the affair will be a great success both financially and artistically.

On Monday afternoon, March 15, Julia Reid will be tendered a testimonial benefit by the amateurs of Brooklyn, to take place at the Criterion Theatre. The play will be The Romance of a Poor Young Man, and the cast will include, besides the beneficiary, R. C. Hilliard, Douglas Montgomery, John H. Bird, Charles S. Withington, Deane Pratt, Annie L. Hyde, Lizzie Wilson, James Wilson and Carrie Frost.

The Amateur Opera Association of Brooklyn will repeat their performance of The Mikado next Saturday evening. The three-act drama, The Dumb Witness,

will be produced at the Lexington Avenue Opera House to-morrow (Friday) evening, on the occasion of the annual performance and reception of the Storm Council.

On last Thursday the Arlington League presented Hazel Kirke at the Lexington Avenue Opera House before a large and fashionable audience. The cast, which was similar to the one that gave the play a few weeks ago for the benefit of the Park and was then criticised in these columns, repeated their impersonations to the satisfaction of those present.

The Garrick is rehearsing All that Glitters is Not Gold, which will be presented on March 12, at the Lexington Avenue Opera House, with the following cast: Sir Arthur Lassell, Will Horton; Jasper Plum, John W. Hotelling; Stephen Plum, William S. Guthrie; Frederick Plum, Frank Dwyer; Toby Twinkle, John E. Prowitt; Harris, H. J. Muller; Martha Gibbs, Kitty Borst; Lady Leatherbridge, Mrs. W. Georgi, and Lady Westendleigh, Alice Arden.

A testimonial benefit will be given at the Lexington Avenue Opera House during May to Charles Mayo, a gentleman well known in amateur circles.

Mrs. M. E. Butler, of the Bulwer, has been very ill at her home the past few weeks, but is now convalescing.

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STAGE STORIES.

XVII.

HANDSOME JACK'S DAUGHTER.

There are tragedies in real life which transcend in pathos and intensified misery any ever presented at the theatre. What sort of awful horror must not that poor woman have endured who, standing near the prompt table in the half darkened theatre gazed into vacancy with knitted brows, while supporting herself upon her half-closed hand and seeming, but for that, ready to sink half fainting upon the boards of the deserted stage! The old prompter motions one who in whispers had questioned him to follow round the entrance behind the wings, from whence he as silently leads the way out by the stage door. The two go down the court and then into the private bar of the neighboring exchange. It is the prompter who speaks:

"That was Mrs. Manderley we left at the theatre. She's a strange woman, isn't she? A very strange woman, especially when those fits of deep thinking come over her, as they often do, after rehearsal is dismissed and she imagines everyone has left the theatre. Of course, I don't count. Nobody minds me, and she doesn't seem to notice my presence; besides, we are very old friends. It is wonderful what curious things I have heard and seen while sitting at the prompt table when a few of the company linger after the others have gone."

"But come back to Mrs. Manderley! Has she been long in the profession?"

"Bless you, she was almost born upon the stage. I knew her mother very well indeed. She, too, used to play old women in the Eastern circuit, when I was a lad, acting as call-boy. I cracked my voice as a call-boy and couldn't get an engagement for years; so I took to the book to keep body and soul together. But it is a disagreeable business at best—bullied by everyone, and desired by most."

"But Mrs. Manderley?"

"Ah, true! Well, Jack Wallington, her father, was once one of the handsomest fellows living. He had been many years upon the stage before I knew him. He stood over six feet in height, was well shaped; had a remarkably aristocratic face and a voice of the finest quality. He was not a great but a good actor. You may imagine that in those days the salary of a leading man was not very large, but it was enough to live on respectably. The trouble, however, was that Handsome Jack had expensive tastes. He liked to dress well, to eat and drink of the best, and he dearly loved his game of whist. Wallington was the youngest son of a poor Baronet, and had been put in the army when he left school—long before competitive examinations were instituted—and there, with an allowance of a hundred a year, he was left to take care of himself. He did this so badly that before he had been three years in a 'line' regiment, he was overwhelmed with debt, in the hands of the Jews—although they made very little out of him—and obliged to sell his commission and give nearly all the money it produced to his creditors, after which he came to the States. Having literally nothing but a ten pound note and no expectations, he took to the stage in the usual way. By dint of hard work, rather than by serious study, he got to be a leading man, having just before leaving England run away with and married a country clergyman's daughter. She, poor creature, soon seeing that their prospects were very sad, took to the stage herself—played walking ladies, juveniles, leading parts, and, long before she should have been compelled, was glad to become the old woman. That was because Handsome Jack so grieved her by his extravagance and his neglect, that she rapidly lost her fresh country beauty, her sprightliness and any ambition she may have possessed."

"In the meantime Handsome Jack began to belie his title. His hair became scant and was sprinkled with gray; his eye had not its wonted brilliancy, and crossness—which all men dread—began to show themselves very plainly. They had only one child, a sweet mannered, gentle little girl, when I saw her first as she toddled about the stage during rehearsals, seeming to light up the dingy old theatre by her very presence. Later on, I remember her as a well-grown lass, with pretty ways, bright eyes and a rosy, smiling mouth—a lovely creature—kind and true—and—"

The old prompter paused in his narration, wiped his spectacles, and also wiped away a tear; blew his nose violently, became a little red in the face, and then buried the tell-tale countenance in the tankard before continuing his story. When he did resume, there was still a slight flush upon his kindly old face and he averted his eyes as he added:

"I was a young man then, you know, and not so very bad looking—and—and—I fell in love with Lucy—that was her name. You think that was absurd of me, don't you?"

A friendly grasp of the hand and a gentle pat on the shoulder were better answers than words, and the old gentleman proceeded.

"Well, that dream of love was only a dream, for Lucy was never more than friendly with me, in her own frank manner, and when I tried, feebly and awkwardly enough, no doubt, to hint at the admiration I felt for her, she gave a cheery laugh and changed the conversation. As for speaking to her father about it, I would as soon have beard a lion, for Handsome Jack was autocratic as well as aristocratic, although he would now and then condescend to borrow money, which he never remembered to return."

"About the time that Lucy was just developing into a woman her father had sadly fallen away in his habits—never very exemplary—and had taken to sly and constant drinking. There was no good fellowship in his dissipation, for all he took was taken secretly and morosely. In a few months Handsome Jack became slovenly Jack, then ugly-tempered Jack, and finally dangerous Jack, with a fiendish light in his once handsome eyes and foully blasphemous words up in his tongue. Lucy's mother trembled and blanched with fear when he addressed her, while Lucy herself, all ignorant of the world and its ways, avoided her father, and showed her avoidance very plainly, even when acting with him, for of course she

had been put to work as soon as she was old enough. Mrs. Wallington fell ill at this time, and was obliged to give up acting, so that all Lucy's time, when she was not in the theatre, was given to nursing her mother. You can understand that Jack did not help either mother or daughter with his salary, because, as his drinking propensities developed themselves, he became careless even of appearances, and, like all drunkards, thought only of himself."

"Mr. Wallington, very much to the surprise of the company assembled at the theatre, appeared at rehearsal one day comparatively sober, cleanly dressed, and looking almost like the Handsome Jack of old days. Everybody stared at him in astonishment, and their wonder was not decreased when they observed that he was accompanied by a tall, dark, good looking man of very gentlemanly appearance and of about forty years of age. I remember looking up from the prompt-book in amazement at Mr. Wallington and his companion, wondering what had effected the transformation, and equally puzzled as to who his friend might be. He, however, to my notice of me, or, indeed, of any of the company, but beckoning Lucy toward him, he led her off at the wings to the entrance, where his companion stood, and I saw him introduce his daughter to the dark man with a certain air of the courtesy of his former days. Of course I could not hear what was said owing to the distance I was from them and to the gibble around me; but I started very quickly from my chair and ran to catch Lucy when I saw her totter away from the two men and wildly clutch at the wing ladder, while her face turned deadly pale. Mr. Wallington would have taken her from my arms, where she had fainted, but I repulsed him, and was rewarded by an ugly oath, which he uttered as he turned to his friend to explain. I suppose, his daughter's swoon. Well, by dint of the attention of the ladies of the company, we brought Lucy round, and the rehearsal went on, although Mr. Wallington had left the theatre with his companion long before it concluded. I then asked Lucy if I should see her home, but with a kindly grasp of my hand and with an assumed gaiety of manner, she declined and left me."

The prompter pined for a second or two, and then went on with his story.

"The whole truth came out soon enough," he continued. "The dark stranger to whom Mr. Wallington had introduced his daughter, was one of his so-called friends during his butlerly existence in the English army, and he, having recognized the once handsome Jack in the dissipated actor for purposes of his own sought him out and renewed the acquaintance ship. He was mainly incited to this by discovering that Lucy, whom he had seen at the theatre, was Wallington's daughter. The foolish hope crossed the unhappy father's clouded brain that the renewal of intimacy with Ashburnton—that was his friend's name—might in some way, not at the moment very clear, lead to his restoration in society and put money in his pocket. Of course, no one knew the exact process of reasoning which Wallington indulged in, but we all arrived at nearly the same conclusion. However that may have been, we didn't know, until long after, that this Ashburnton was a thoroughly bad fellow, who, after countless adventures and many solemn promises of reformation, had been utterly discarded by all his friends and relations and had been cast upon his own resources, to live by his wits and the want of wit in others. He had done this for some time, in England with very indifferent success, before his advent in the States, where he encountered Wallington. The sight of Lucy inspired him with the idea that such a talented handsome girl, with a profession fairly remunerative at all times, would save him infinite trouble about earning his own living. All had been concocted between the father and his unscrupulous friend, and when Wallington introduced his daughter to Ashburnton, he, at the same time, without the slightest care or thought for the girl, announced to her that she beheld her future husband, adding, with an oath, when he saw her look of terror, that he had resolved it should be so, and there was no appeal from his decision. That was the cause of Lucy's fainting, and it was ultimately the cause of Mrs. Wallington's death; for 'brutal Jack,' as he was now called, pronounced his ultimatum as soon as he reached home that same night. He had evidently forgotten that some years before he had told his wife all about this same Ashburnton, and had very graphically denounced him as a monster of cruelty and viciousness. In vain did the poor woman repeat the story as he himself told it to her; he would hear nothing—would not alter his decision, but reiterated with drunken insistence that Lucy should become the wife of the man whom he had selected. Lucy, seeing her mother's agony of mind, yielded with a breaking heart to her father's demands, although she was in love with and deeply loved by a young man whom she had met at a neighboring town. When I discovered that, I knew why the dear girl had never encouraged my suit."

A heavy sigh was the only interruption which he old prompter allowed himself to indulge in before going on with his story.

"Lucy having decided that her mother's very life demanded the dreadful sacrifice, endeavored in every way to keep her father in moderately good temper, but at the same time she insisted that her mother should know nothing about it till it would be too late to recall the act. She succeeded but too well, up to the very moment of her departure with her husband—whom she already feared and hated—upon their supposed honeymoon. The very hour she left the town, after the ceremony, one of the ladies of the company, who had been in the church, called upon Mrs. Wallington and told her everything, thinking that it was illness alone which prevented her from being present. The shock of the news brought on a series of death-like fainting fits, and on the third day the bride was summoned to close her mother's eyes in death. You may imagine that his wife's sudden decease would have sobered Wallington sufficiently to take some measures to secure his daughter's peace, knowing, as he so well did, what manner of man he had mated her with. If it did have any effect upon him it was not a sobering one, for he began to drink harder than ever, and was finally discharged by the manager, who was, contrary to the rule, not such a bad fellow after all. Lucy, after her mother's funeral, resumed her position in the theatre, but she no longer took an interest in her work. She had not been told by her mother the dreadful truth about her husband's previous career, but it did not take long for her to discover that he was an unprincipled scoundrel, who, to gratify his own debased tastes, was ready to sacrifice everybody. He seized her salary as it became due, doled

out a few dollars to her with muttered curses, and utterly ignored her existence when his own pleasures had to be consulted. Finally he turned upon the father, who came to beg assistance from his quondam friend, and so taunted and goaded on drunken Jack that in a moment of ungovernable rage that once handsome fellow endeavored to lay Mr. Ashburnton's skull open with his heavy walking-stick. His aim was uncertain and his blow feeble, but it roused the devil in the brutal sensualist against whom it was levelled and he there and then strangled Handsome Jack to death. This horrible quarrel, with its fatal result, all happened in the unhappy Mrs. Ashburnton's presence, and although she screamed for help and vainly strove to separate the men from their deadly grip, she was powerless to effect it. Ashburnton was arrested, tried, condemned and hanged—not upon his wife's evidence—the law mercifully had spared her that—but upon clear and undoubted circumstantial proof."

The prompter rose to depart. "Can you wonder now that the poor creature who toils hard, under the assumed name Manderley, with no happiness to look back upon and no hope in the future, is sometimes dazed? 'I think,' he added, 'that when we deem her most distraught, she is then most happy, because the recollection of her sorrows must be most vivid when all her faculties are at their best. But I must go home now to dinner. Good bye!'"

He turned and added: "When you see Lucy—I mean Mrs. Manderley—to night as Little Tuddiekins, in which she is immensely funny, do not start if you see the ghosts of her dead mother, her murdered father and her brutal husband behind her? Good bye!"

Professional Doings.

—Frank McKee has been re-engaged as general business manager of Hoyt and Thomas' enterprises for the season of 1886-7.

—Ben F. Grinnell will start out on a starling tour on March 15, under the management of William Rightmire and Jerome Stanall, in a repertoire of the former's plays.

—E. H. Dunbar, of Westbury, R. I., and Fred. E. Maeder have written a Knights of Labor drama entitled A Laboring Man, which they hope to see produced in this city. The play is intended to depict the trials, sufferings and success of a mechanic. It is in four acts.

—Manager Gustave Amberg has made arrangements by which the Thalia Opera company will present The Mikado in German at Leland's Opera House, Albany, March 8, 9 and 10. At the conclusion of this short engagement the company returns to the city.

—Nelse Waldron is with the Blackmail company, which is at present resting in the city preparatory to its filling a two weeks' engagement at the Standard Theatre on March 15. He reports that business in Boston was large, while in Baltimore it did not quite meet expectations.

—The Tin Soldier, under Hoyt and Thomas' management, and with James F. Powers and Amy Ames as the principals, will play an extended engagement at the Standard Theatre, beginning May 3, by which time that house will have passed from the control of John Stetson back to James C. Duff.

—On March 29 The Little Tycoon will be presented at the Standard Theatre, following Blackmail. The opera will be presented with the fine scenery and appointments which have tended to make it a success at the new Temple Theatre, Philadelphia, and will be put up for a run of five weeks—perhaps more.

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